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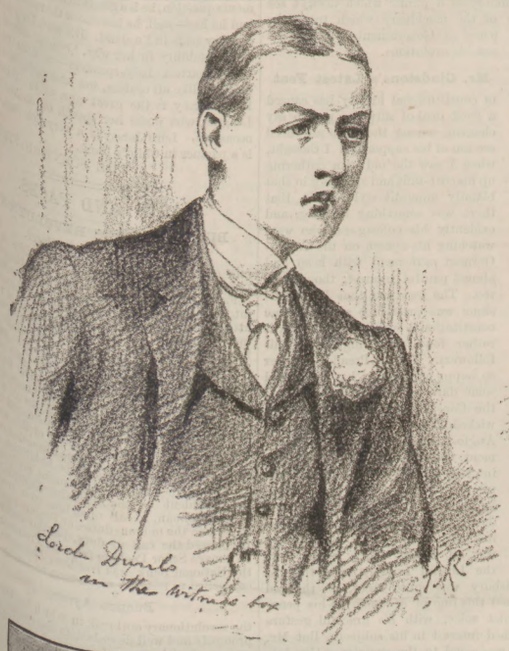

BELLE BILTON (LADY DUNLO) AS A MUSIC-HALL STAR.
From a Photograph by Mr. Alexander Bassano, 25, Old Bond-street, W.

The Dunlo Divorce Case being *the* social topic of the week, we present our readers with chalk and photographic portraits of the principals in this deplorable Drama of London Life. The Sisters Bilton (the Belle of whom was married to Lord Dunlo) have long been attractive performers at our popular Variety Theatres. They are "duettists." Many will have seen them in their song-and-dance performances in short skirts; and those who have will recognise the fidelity of the portraits of the sisters in Court, where Mrs. Seymour (Flo Bilton) daily supported Lady Dunlo. Lady Dunlo undeniably looked piquantly pretty in her quiet, well-made grey dress and black-lace hat, decorated with pink flowers. With his flower in his coat, the youthful Lord Dunlo (son of Lord Clancarty) was the type of what is termed a Gaiety "masher" or New York "dude."

The Dunlo Case may be soon summarised. It was an action for divorce brought by young Lord Dunlo against the wife he deserted (owing to parental pressure) almost as soon as he had married her; it being alleged on behalf of Lord Dunlo that Lady Dunlo had been guilty of misbehaviour with Mr. Isidore Wertheimer, a devoted admirer of hers, and a wealthy young man, in whose Avenue-road house she had lived during the absence of Lord Dunlo abroad. It was revealed that Belle Bilton (Lady Dunlo) had formerly had a *liaison* with a man named Weston, whom she had visited in prison; also that Mr. Wertheimer and Lord Dunlo were simultaneously paying court to her. Without entering into the details of this unsavoury case, the issue of which is now generally known, it may be said that the moral of the trial is the old one of "Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

LORD DUNLO AND LADY DUNLO (BELLE BILTON) IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

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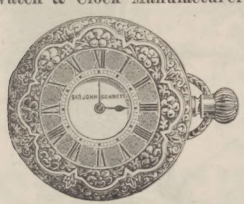

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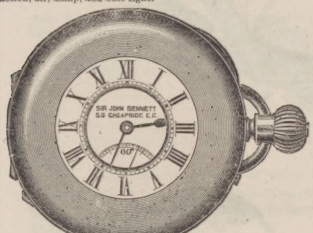

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A number of ladies and gentlemen have had an opportunity of hearing at the Savoy Hotel the performances of a number of the talking dolls which are among the latest products of Mr. Edison's ingenuity.

The Duke of Edinburgh last Monday presented the prizes of the Ryde School of Art. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh. His Royal Highness thanked the Mayor and Corporation, and the president, for their cordial welcome, and for their expressions of loyalty to the Throne, which he assured them he should make known to the Queen. He said he was deeply touched with the allusions which had been made to his beloved father, who took so deep an interest in the promotion and welfare of institutions having for their object the elevation and advancement of the people of the country of his adoption. It was gratifying, he added, to see that the cause which his father had so much at heart was bearing fruit in almost every important centre of this country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Trouble about the Guards

has for the moment died away, but it will be heard of again ere long. The petition in favour of the commutation of the sentences on the imprisoned Grenadiers is obtaining a very large number of signatures—to be numbered by the thousand. I have been hearing something of

THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD STANHOPE, M.P., SECRETARY FOR WAR.

the grievances of the men, and there is no doubt that for the last few months the regiment has been on the verge of revolt. I believe that for several weeks, owing to the refusal of the canteen to supply soldiers coming into barracks, who had had a little beer, without showing signs of drunkenness, outside, the canteen was practically boycotted by the privates, and ceased to sell any beer until the edict was removed. Another grievance was the excessive number of drills, got up for the sake of raw young Militia and other officers from the country anxious to get a little experience. All this exasperated the Guards, and some months ago they applied to John Burns, who knows a good deal about soldiering, for his advice, and got it. But the real trouble in the Guards has always been the officers. The Grenadiers have been the favourite hunting-ground of

The Snobocracy,

the moneyed young gentleman who likes to swagger but does not care to be overburdened with military duties. It is very different in the Scots Guards, where there are plenty of "swells," but where it is a point of honour for officers to keep in touch as far as possible with the regiment. Thus, it is a rule that certain officers shall always be in or about barracks practically in charge of the regiment. It is otherwise with the Grenadiers. The "masher" officer has been amusing himself in Piccadilly while his regiment has been left to itself, or been overburdened with irksome and unnecessary duty. Result, the demoralisation of which we see the sad fruits to-day. Meanwhile, I should like to appeal for

Help for the Wives

of the Guards who have been imprisoned. I think I can guarantee that the money will be properly applied to the persons who need it and deserve it.

Who is to Blame?

The question remains, Who is to blame for the trouble? There is no doubt that Colonel Maitland was an exceptionally strict officer, and that his rule was not popular among the men. But, after all, he is to a large extent the scapegoat for others, just as the six Guards have been made suffer for the faults of their more guilty fellows. How was it that the Duke of Cambridge—who is Colonel of the Grenadiers—never saw to the men's grievances? How was it that the Adjutant-General knew nothing of the matter? How was it the petition was not attended to? How was it that the demoralisation of the officers was allowed to go on so long? How was it

Mr. Stanhope

knew nothing of the business even after the *émeute* took place? Well, Mr. Stanhope is no doubt to blame. He is a conscientious official, who makes rather a good appearance in the House, writes a clear despatch or report, and is industrious, with something of the ability which runs in the family, and has given the State more than one good servant. But then Mr. Stanhope is, as he looks, an old-young man who has run in the curricle of officialdom so long that he has got to regulate his paces too nicely and too exclusively, as the permanent people desire. It is really the permanent staff, not the temporary Parliamentary head, who govern the War Office, as, indeed, they govern the British Empire in every department of the service. I can't impress this too forcibly on a public which doesn't see the inside of the machinery which turns the wheel of Government, but only its outside evolutions.

Mr. Gladstone's Latest Feat

in constitutional history has caused a good deal of surprise, not to say chagrin, among the more advanced section of his supporters. I thought, when I saw the old man gathering up his coat-tails and speaking in that blandly innocent style of his, that there was something brewing, and evidently his colleagues, who were watching his speech on the Anglo-German agreement with keen and almost painful interest, thought so too. The fact was that Mr. Gladstone was preparing one of those constitutional surprises which he is rather fond of springing on his followers. The ex-Premier is never so happy as when he has discovered some dark and deadly plot against the Constitution initiated by those wicked Tories. In submitting the Anglo-German agreement to Parliament, the Ministry had, he thought, interfered with the treaty-making prerogative of the Crown, and then he quoted a huge list of precedents dating from Charles II., of blessed memory, to show that Lord Salisbury was all wrong. Very silent were the Liberal Leaders, who thought Lord Salisbury was quite right, as the old man pursued this line of argument in his penetrative, quiet voice, with his graceful gesture and absorbed interest in his subject. But Mr. Gladstone was equal to the occasion. His doctrine, which was practically Sir William Harcourt's suggestion, was that, if cessions of territory were submitted to the Commons, you would have to submit them to the Lords as well, though they had at the present moment no voice in the treaty-making power. This was a trifle too subtle for the Liberals and Radicals, who remained unconvinced. I saw

Sir George Campbell

twist those wonderful legs of his into an alarming resemblance to the boneless man, and his countenance deepen into several successive shades of horror. The fun of the thing was completed when Mr. Balfour—really a very clever gentleman is Mr. Balfour—neatly turned the tables on the old Liberal chief, by standing stoutly up for the Democratic doctrine of Parliamentary control, and swearing emphatically that the Government would stick to the precedent they had initiated. Sir William Harcourt, who had manufactured the neat little bomb-shell which Mr. Gladstone had flung down, stuck up for his own invention, but, on the whole, the sense of the House was with the Government, and against the Liberal Leader.

Our County Council.

I trotted up to the London County Council the other day, and had a good view of London's Parliament at its work. At first, I cannot say I was altogether impressed. The Council seemed to me rather noisy, rather too given to "points of order," a little too fond of asserting itself, and one or two members clearly belonged to that class of public characters euphoniously known as "bounders." On the other hand, its good qualities were obvious—a thorough clean-handedness, a sincere desire to do good work for Londoners, a passionate devotion to business, and an untiring gift for hard work. I know several L.C.C.s who really abandon their private business altogether and give up the best part of their lives to committee meetings. The pleasantest feature of London County Council life in undress is the tea-room, where, without the smallest ceremony, huge cups of tea, quite in Sunday-school tea-meeting fashion, and plates of bread-and-butter are handed round to members and their friends by a grave uniformed official. Not much of the atmosphere of the Board of Works here. While I was in the tea-room Lord Rosebery dropped in, and had a warm welcome from those of the Councillors present. Heartiness and simplicity struck me as the leading notes of the Council and its work.

The New Governor of New South Wales,

Lord Jersey, will make a very good successor, even to so popular a man as good-natured, handsome, clever Lord Carrington. Lord Jersey is a Conservative, but he is also a liberal-minded and enlightened man. He has looked after the allotments question, he is a good friend to the labourer, and he has—well, he has one of the most beautiful country seats in England. His wife, Lady Jersey, is a notability in her way. She is one of the very smartest lady-speakers—a little fast, perhaps, like all orators, but undeniably fascinating. Lady Jersey is the great gun of the Primrose League, who make her speech on all available occasions. Lord Jersey is a very rich man, and is a partner in Child's Bank.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

BUENOS AYRES REVOLUTION.

Don Francisco Uriburi,

one of the highest financial authorities in the unfortunate Argentine Republic, is portrayed in "Facts and Faces" this week, because he, late Finance Minister, made a most praiseworthy attempt to clean out the Augean stable of commercial dishonesty which is said to have prevailed. last Saturday's terrible pronunciamiento from Buenos Ayres, so graphically brought home to us by the ample telegraphic despatches in the *Times* and other paper. Don Francisco Uriburi has been a long time honoured member of the Argentine Congress, and Senator in the State of Buenos Ayres, which South American city a series of seasonable views will be found on another page of this week's *P.I.P.*) He was the Argentine Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Buenos Ayres Exhibition year of 1882. His undoubted financial abilities led the President of the Argentine Republic, Señor Miguel Celman, to call upon him quite recently to resume the onerous duties of Finance Minister. He obeyed the call of duty, but his endeavours to remove Señor Pacheco from the Presidency of the National Bank was fruitless; and so he was compelled to resign. Chaos soon ensued in

Buenos Ayres,

the revolutionary outbreak in which has been so promptly and well described in the costly cablegrams of the *Times* Correspondent. Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic, is situated on the south-western shore of that great inlet of the Atlantic called the Rio de la Plata. A great proportion of its population is European. Buenos Ayres, or "Good Air," as the name implies, from the salubrity of its atmosphere in peaceful times, reeks with blood. The forces of the Union Civica rose against President Celman when at the outbreak sought flight, but afterwards returned to Government House. Heaps of Celman's troops and police lay dead last Sunday night in the Plaza Libertad and around it. Colonel Marmendia, Major Campas, and many other officers were killed. Still, Dr. Pellegrini refused

DON FRANCISCO URIBURI.

the Provisional Government's conditions, and held his ground as well as he could. To add to the horrors of the situation, Buenos Ayres was bombarded by the Argentine ships of war, which sided with the Union Civica—the Palacio shelling Government House, and the Plaza

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of deafness and noises in the head of twenty-three years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it free to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

stag at Dr. Celman's house. Happily for her Majesty's subjects in Buenos Ayres, the British gun-boats Beagle and Bramble were at hand to protect them.

Dr. Miguel Celman,

President of the Argentine Republic, is the man against whose alleged maladministration the pronunciamento was directed. Whether he has been responsible or not for the financial crisis, which has occasioned the deplorable outbreak in Buenos Ayres, it is only too true that the mania for speculation, not wholly unknown in London, has been fostered by our own Stock Exchange. It was on Sunday week that President Celman's Government learnt the ill-omened fact that the Buenos Ayres Garrison had been tampered with, and that a formidable conspiracy was on foot to banish the unpopular President and change the whole Administration. General Uriburi (not the ex-esteemed Finance Minister) threw in his lot with the Union Civica, whose citizen troops fought with great bravery, but appear to have been subdued by Monday afternoon, according to the following official telegram to London from Dr. Celman's Finance Minister:—

"Buenos Ayres, July 28, 2.20 p.m.—Announce that the insurrection is completely subdued. The President of the Republic and the National Cabinet are giving their orders from the National Government House. Finance Minister at liberty.

(Signed) "JUAN A. GARCIA."

Sergeant Bates, Queen's Prize Winner at Bisley.

Birmingham made ample amends for the incomprehensible omission on the part of the powers that be at Bisley. No Royal Princess, to be sure, distributed the N.R.A. prizes at the Bisley Camp on Saturday last (greatly to the disgust of Sergeant Bates in particular, no doubt), but the cool and resolute Queen's Prize Winner received a splendid compensation from the enthusiastic population of Birmingham on his return last week to the capital of the Midlands. Good! Let their admiration and appreciation of the fine type of the champion marksman of his day be shown by our gallant Volunteers of all ranks, and collected Sergeant Bates, who, with a grand total of 278 points, won the Queen's Prize at the first Bisley Meeting, being deservedly congratulated upon his success by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, and Lady Wantage. Within twenty years has Sergeant Bates, of Warwick, been a member of the Volunteer force. His taste was shown when he left the gold-working trade in Birmingham (where he was born in 1842) for the gun trade, of which he is now a very prominent member in his native town. It was in May 1867 that he joined the 1st Volunteer Battalion Warwickshire Regiment. He rose to be a Corporal in 1880; Sergeant in 1885. He is a well-known shot, having won seven Queen's badges, nine Kolapore Cup badges, and seven St. George's badges. He has also won the Championship of the Midland Rifle Club, and numerous prizes in Scotland and in the provinces for sharp-shooting. Sergeant Bates is very well spoken of by Private 'Gus Rosenthal, long Champion of the Middlesex Rifle Club, and by all who have had the pleasure of shooting in his company. He has the best wishes of all of us for the brightest and most prosperous of futures.

SERGEANT BATES, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

Bradlaugh and Hyndman.

I rushed away from a pleasant social gathering in order to be present at the Bradlaugh-Hyndman debate on the Eight Hours Bill at St. James's Hall. But I cannot say that the exchange was a profitable one. There were all the elements, indeed, of a brilliant intellectual tournament, save only that it was not thought that the combatants were fairly matched. St. James's Hall was crowded from floor to ceiling. Mr. Sydney Buxton made an excellent chairman. There was Mr. Bradlaugh, victor of a thousand fights, and there Mr. Hyndman, less noteworthy, doubtless, in debate, but surely the best-known representative of all social extremes. The fight begins: Mr. Hyndman talks for half an hour, and is followed by Mr. Bradlaugh; then each champion takes his fifteen minutes, and yet another fifteen minutes before the combat is concluded. When all is over we are very much where we were at the beginning, and so is the audience, which is for the most part composed of the followers of the respective combatants. In the half-crown seats are some evidently well-to-do people, who cheer every point of Mr. Bradlaugh's to the echo, and in the background a still larger number of Hyndmanites, who take up all the appeals of their champion, and when all is over depart in procession,

Singing the "Marseillaise."

But both combatants were profoundly disappointing. Mr. Hyndman served up clap-trap sauced with self-conceit, and Mr. Bradlaugh the same dish sauced with ill-temper. It was evidently an unusual and a distressing circumstance to the member for Northampton that he had to so large extent an antagonistic audience, and it was equally annoying that all the bluebooks and statistics which he had brought with him were quite useless in the face of the vague generalities of his opponent. No one denies that it is a cruel shame that men should work sixteen hours a day on tramcars and women at the needle. What one wants to know is whether the hard lot of these people will be made yet harder by legislative interference. I for one think that it will not; but I heard nothing in the shape of argument at St. James's Hall, but merely general statements on the one side that for large masses of the community life is all too hard—which, alas! we knew full well before—and, on the other, that the trade of the country would be ruined by State interference. Altogether, it was a melancholy exhibition

A Home Electric Signal Box

is a public want that has long been filled in the United States. In New York no less than 50,000 of these exceedingly handy signalling boxes are in use. It is high time for London and the other leading cities of Great Britain to be provided with this electrical apparatus, and it is good news that the District Messenger Service and News Company are about to introduce this inexpensive and serviceable scientific adjunct to civilised life in the Metropolis. The advantages of the simple call-box are these: "if you want a policeman," if you need a fireman, if you require a cab, or a messenger—you can, by turning a dial, obtain your heart's desire as promptly as the fabled fairy of old secured her wishes. The communication is made by means of a wire to the district office, and the working is pronounced to be cheap and effective by Mr. C. T. Russell and his colleagues in the new enterprise.

London's Eiffel Tower.

I went last week to inspect the proposed site of the great tower which is to rival—or, as some say, to surpass—the great Eiffel Tower of Paris. The directors of the Metropolitan Railway have already speculated on the event by purchasing 280 acres of Wembly Park, a beautiful park about two miles on the London side of Harrow-on-the-Hill. The Metropolitan Railway extension goes through this charming park, which is well timbered. A small stream runs through, and with the greatest ease a picturesque lake could be made. It is one of the prettiest sylvan spots near London—no houses near, charming views and quiet lanes, with the trees arching overhead close at hand. The 280 acres of the park lie close to the railway, and a new station will be opened which will be only ten minutes' journey by express trains from Baker-street, and about twenty by ordinary trains. A project like this tower requires, to make it a complete success, some other attractions, and in the park these will be found. I can assure your readers that Wembly Park is one of the most rural and delightful spots that could be chosen. Being private property, its beauties are not known, but having frequently rambled in it I can vouch for its beauty. Lovely pleasure-gardens could be made, and the fine old oaks, elms, beeches, larches, &c., are all ready for picturesque effects. The ground is undulating, and I think the directors have made a good bargain, for the purchase, draining, clearing, fencing, and all expenses, will only cost £150 per acre, and not very far from the spot land was sold for building at £400 per acre. The spot is but a short distance from Dollis Hill, where Mr. Gladstone's garden-parties often take place. On the other side of the park is Wembly Hill, where some of our typographical friends were enjoying a "bean feast" when I was there the other day. Pedestrians who may be attracted thither may be told that there is a cosy hostelry on the top of the hill, and also that the lanes are extremely pretty. THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE success which attended the opening of Mr. Augustus Harris's Royal Italian Opera Season at Covent-Garden continued to the last. The extra performance of "Carmen," in French, last Monday night drew an audience valued at £1800! The cast was exceptionally attractive. M. Jean de Reszké was the Don José; M. Lassalle, the Toreador, Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan, the Carmen; Mdlle. Pinkert, the Michaela, as Mdme. Melba was unfortunately indisposed. It may be recorded that a handsome watch was on Saturday presented to Mr. Harris by M. Jean de Reszké on behalf of the Covent-Garden company as a token of good feeling on the beaming impresario's election as Sheriff. The opera season over, Mr. W. Freeman Thomas cheerily resumes the reins, and is actively transforming Covent-Garden Theatre into a Promenade Concert-house; the new season beginning on Aug. 9, with Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe in his old familiar place as conductor.

"The English Rose," the new melodrama Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan have written for Messrs. Gatti, is the first important novelty of the early autumn in London. It is due at the Adelphi to-night. A little bird has whispered to me that "The English Rose" is as sweet as its fragrant name-sake, and that it is likely to bloom for many a night to come in the bright and comfortable and well-ventilated and coolly lit theatre which MM. Gatti manage so successfully, with Mr. Sidney as the able stage-director. This "English Rose" is a winsome English gentlewoman, resident in Ireland, who wins the heart of the Irish hero. Miss Olga Brandon is the "English Rose." I'm told there's a splendid character in an Irish priest. Plot is exciting and sympathetic. Trust those Past Masters in the Art of Love (theatrical love, of course), MM. Sims and Buchanan, to supply plenty of love-making of the right sort for Adelphi audiences, bedad! Rely upon plenty of strong acting on the part of Mr. Leonard Boyne (who should try to be as natural as he can), Miss Mary Rorke, and Mr. Beveridge; and, depend upon it, Mr. J. L. Shine (half an Irishman by birth), Mr. Lionel Rignold, Miss Clara Jecks, Mr. James East, and Miss Kate James will supply an abundance of humour, and good humour.

The leading idea of Mr. Edward Law's new farcical comedy, "The Judge," is so humoursome that it should be worth the author's while thoroughly to revise the droll play, so as to render the manifest improbabilities less impossible than they are. Mr. W. S. Penley is amusing in anything. He is, at the outset, very diverting as Sir John Pye, the "malade imaginaire" of a Judge, whose supposititious ailments and outrageously ridiculous association with an ancient sweetheart accused of bigamy furnish the chief subjects of amusement. But Pye palls by-and-bye. He becomes a gruesome and dismal nuisance. We are glad when he disappears from the scene with the baby forced upon him by plump Mrs. Shuttleworth; and gladder still when his bright and radiant daughters, charmingly enacted by Miss Cissy Grahame and Miss Helen Leyton, reappear with their brace of rather automatic sweethearts. Put a penny in the slot, and the automata move! Clever bits of characterisation which ought not to escape commendation are the lady detective of Miss Elsie Chester and the Mowle of Mr. Mark Kinghorne. Revise "The Judge," Mr. Law: it is worth revision.

The Novelty, in Great Queen-street, renamed the Queen's, is to reopen on Bank Holiday with "The Corsican Brothers," under the management of Mr. J. Arnold Cave, who begins well with cheap prices.

On a sultry night, searchers after rational entertainment cannot do better than revisit the Crystal Palace on Fireworks Night to admire Brock's latest triumphs, to which I must return on an early occasion, or to be dazzled by the beauty of the open-air Ballet in the verdant grounds; or join the multitudes who fill the "Wild East" tribunes at the French Exhibition, and overflow the Western Gardens, where the fine band of the Royal Artillery is the great attraction. THESPIS.

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ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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PART II.—CHAPTER XIII.

THE DRAMATIST.

If Mrs. Elstree was Armorel's official and authorised companion, her private unpaid companion was Effie Wilmot. The official companion was resident in the chambers, and was seen with her charge at the theatres and concerts. The private unpaid companion went about with her all day long, sat with her in her own room, knew what she thought, and talked with her of the things she loved to discuss. So that, though the representative of Order and Propriety had less to do, the unpaid attachée had a much more lively time. Fortunately, the official companion was best pleased when there was nothing to do. In those days, when London was as yet an unknown land to both of them, the girls went together to see things. Nobody knows what a great quantity of things there are to see in London when you once set yourself seriously to explore this great unknown continent. Captain Magalhaens himself, crossing the Pacific Ocean for the first time, did not experience a more interesting and exciting time than these two girls in their walks in and about the great town, new to both. They were as ravenous as American tourists beginning their European round. And, like them, they consulted their Baedeker, their Hare, and their Peter Cunningham. Pictures there are, all about the West-End; museums, with every kind of treasure; historic houses—alas! not many; libraries; art galleries of all kinds; cathedrals, churches, ancient and modern; old streets, whose paving-stones are inscribed in the closest print with the most wonderful recollections; old sites, broken fragments, even. Every morning the two girls wandered forth, sometimes not coming home until late in the afternoon. Then Effie went back to her lodging, and spent the evening working at her verses; while Armorel practised her violin, or read and dreamed away the time opposite her companion, who sat for the most part in silence, gazing into the firelight, lying back in her easy-chair beside the fire.

These ramblings belong to another book—the Book of the Things Left Out. I could show you, dear reader, many curious and interesting places visited by these two pilgrims, but one must not in this place write these down, because Armorel's story is not Armorel's history. Let us always be careful to distinguish. Besides, the events which must be related destroyed, as you will see, the calm and tranquillity necessary for the proper enjoyment of such ramblings. First, this discovery concerning the pictures. Who can visit old churches and museums with a mind full of wrath and bitterness? So wrathful was Armorel in considering the impudence of the fraud she had discovered: so bitter was she in considering the cowardice of her old hero: that she even failed to observe the unmistakable signs of trouble which at this time showed themselves in her friend's face. If not a beautiful face, it was expressive. When the projecting forehead showed a thick black line: when the deep-set eyes were ringed with dark circles: when the pale cheeks grew paler and more hollow: and when the girl, who was generally so bright and animated, became silent and *distraite*, something was wrong.

"What is it, Effie?" Armorel asked, waking up. "I have asked you three questions, and have received no answer. And you are looking ill. Has anything gone wrong?"

"Oh!" cried Effie, "it is horrid! You are in trouble of your own, and you want me to add to them by telling you about mine."

"I am in trouble, dear. And it makes me selfish and blind. You know partly what it is about. It is about the Life that has gone wrong. I have found out why and how. But I cannot tell you. Never mind. Tell me about yourself."

"It is more about my brother than myself. You know that Archie has been writing a play?"

"Yes. You write verses which you have never shown me; and your brother writes plays. I shall see both some day, perhaps."

"Whenever you like. But Archie has now finished his play."

"Yes?"

"That means to him more than I can possibly tell you. He has been living for that play, and for nothing else. It has filled his brain day and night. Never was so much trouble given to a play before, I am sure. It is himself."

"I understand."

"Well—then—you will understand also what he feels when he has been told that his play is utterly worthless."

"Who told him that?"

"A great authority—a writer of great reputation—the only living writer whom we have ever known."

"Well—but—Effie, if a great authority says this, it is frightful."

"It would be, but for one thing, which you shall hear afterwards. However, he did confess that some of the situations were fine. But the dialogue, he said, was unfitted for the stage, and no manager would so much as look at the play."

"Poor Archie! What a dreadful blow! What does he say?"

"He is utterly cast down. He sits at home and broods. Sometimes he swears that he will tear up the thing and throw it into the fire; sometimes he recovers a little of his old confidence in it. He will not eat anything, and he does not sleep; and I can find nothing to say that will comfort him. If I knew anyone who would give him another opinion—the play cannot be so bad. Armorel, will you read the play?"

"But, my dear, I am no critic. What would be the good of my reading it?"

"I would rather have your criticism than"—she hesitated—"than anybody's. Because you can feel—and you have the artist's soul: and everybody has not, though he may paint such beautiful pictures," she added rather obscurely.

"Well, I will read the play, or hear him read it, if you think it will do him any good, Effie. I will go with you at once."

"Oh! will you, really? Archie will be shy at first. The last criticism caused him so much agony that he dreads another. But yours will be sympathetic, at least. You will understand what he meant, even if has not succeeded—poor boy!—in putting on the stage what was in his heart. When he sees that you do feel for him, it will be different. Oh! Armorel!"—the tears rose to her eyes—"you cannot know what that play has been to both of us. We have talked over every situation: we have rehearsed all the dialogue. I know it by heart, I think. I could recite the whole of it, straight through. We have cried over it, and laughed over it. I have dressed dolls for all the parts, and one of us made them act while the other read the play. And, after all, to be told that it is worthless! Oh! It is a shame! It is a shame! And it isn't worthless. It is a great, a beautiful play. It is full of tenderness, and of strength as well."

"Let us go at once, Effie."

"What a good thing it was for me that the Head of the Reading Room sent me to you! I little thought I was going to make such a friend"—she took Armorel's hand—"We have had no friends—Yes, there was one, but he is no true friend. We have had no friends at all, and we thought to make our way without any."

"You came to London to conquer the world—such a great giant of a world—you and your brother, Jack the Giant Killer."

"Ah! But we had read, somewhere, that the world is a good-natured giant. He only asks to be amused. If you make him laugh or cry, and forget, somehow, his own troubles—the world is full of troubles—he will give in at once. Archie was going to make him laugh and cry; I was going to tickle him with pretty rhymes. But you may play for him, act for him, dance for him, paint for him, sing for him, make stories for him—anything that you will, and he will be subdued. That is what we read, and we kept on repeating this assurance to each other, but as yet we have not got very far. The great difficulty seems to make him look at you and listen to you."

"My dear, you shall succeed."

The young dramatist was sitting at his table, as melancholy as Keats might have been after the *Quarterly Review*'s belabouring. He looked wretched: there was no pretence at anything else: it was unmitigated wretchedness. Despair sat upon his countenance, visible for all to see: his hair had not apparently been brushed, nor his collar changed, since the misery began: he seemed to have gone to bed in his clothes. Trouble does thus affect many men. It attacks even their clothes as well as their hair and their minds. The manuscript was lying on the table before him, but the pen was dry: he had no longer any heart to correct the worthless thing. It was the hour of his deepest dejection. The day before he had plucked up a little courage: perhaps the critic was wrong: to-day all was blackness.

"Here is Armorel, Archie!" cried Effie, with the assumption of cheerfulness.

"I have come to ask a favour," said Armorel, taking the hand that was mechanically extended. "I hear that your play is finished, and I am told that it is a beautiful play."

"No—it isn't," said the author.

"And that an unkind critic has said horrid unkind things about it. And I want to read it, if I may. Oh! I am not a great critic, but I know Archie, I have some feeling for Art and for things beautiful. May I read it?"

"The play is perfectly worthless," he replied sternly, but with signs of softening. "It is only a waste of time to read it. Better throw it behind the fire!" He seized the manuscript as he spoke, but he did not throw it behind the fire.

"Is your critic a dramatist?"

"No. He has never written a play that I know of. But he is a great authority. Everybody would acknowledge that."

"A critic who has never written a play may very easily make mistakes," said Armorel. "You have only to read the critiques of pictures in the papers written by men who cannot paint. They are full of mistakes."

"This man would not make a mistake, would he, Effie?"

"Well, dear, I think he might, and besides, you remember what he said at the conclusion." "Tell you," Armorel sat down. "Now," she said, "tell you first what the play is about, and then read it, or, if Effie read it. I am sure she will read it a great deal better than you."

He hesitated. He was ashamed to show his miserable work to a second critic. And yet he longed to have another opinion, because, when he came to think about it, he could not understand why the thing could be called worthless.

He yielded. He read, with faltering accents, the scenario which he had prepared with so much pride. Now it was like unrolling a canvas daubed for the scenery of Richardson's Show. He took no more pride in it.

"Oh!" cried Armorel, interrupting. "This seems to me a very fine situation."

"My critic said that some of the situations were fine."

He went on to the end without further interruption.

"Now, Effie," said Armorel, "you will read it aloud while your brother plays it with his dolls. Then I am sure to catch the points."

Archie sat up, and began to play his dolls while Effie read. He was so expert in manipulating the puppets that he made them actually represent the piece, changing the groups every moment, while Effie, dropping the manuscript, folded her arms and recited the play, watching Armorel's face.

This was quite another kind of critic. It was such a critic as the playwright loves when he sits in the box and watches the people in the house—a face which is easily moved to laughter or to tears, a face that catches the points and feels the story. There are thousands of such faces in every theatre every night. It is for them that the play is written, and not for the critic, who comes to show his superiority by picking out faults and watching for slips. For two hours, not pausing for the division of the acts, Effie went on, her soft voice rising and falling, the puppets indicated but repressed; and Archie watched, and moved his groups, and the audience of one sat motionless but not unmoved.

"What?" she cried, springing to her feet and clasping her hands. It is easy for this fine scene to become theatrical and unreal, but Armorel saw it never unreal. "He dared to call this splendid piece, this glorious play—oh, this beautiful, splendid, noble play!"—here Archie's eyes began to fill, and his lips to quiver: he was but a young dramatist, and of praise he had as yet had none—"he dared to call this worthless?"

"He said it was utterly worthless," said Effie.

"He said," Archie added, "that the language was wholly unfitted for the stage. And then—after he'd said that, he offered to give me fifty pounds for it."

"Fifty pounds for a play quite worthless!"

"On the condition that he was to bring it out himself if he pleased, under his own name."

"Oh! but this is monstrous! Can there be, indeed, Armorel, thinking of the pictures, "two such men in London?"

"If I would let him call it his own! He wants to take my play—mine—to do what he likes with it—to bring it out as if it was his own! Never! Never! I would rather starve first."

"What did you tell him?"

"He said that he would wait for an answer. I have sent him none as yet."

"When you do," said Armorel, "let there be no hesitation or possibility of mistaking. Oh! I could tell you a thing that I know!"

"I will put it quite plainly. Effie, am I the same man? I feel transformed. What a difference it makes only to think that perhaps, after all, one is not such a dreadful failure! In fact, I am transformed. The trouble had gone out of him—out of his face—out of his hair—out of his attitude. Armorel even fancied that his collar, day-before-yesterday's collar had become more starched again. That may have been one of those but joy certainly produces very strange effects.

"I would have sent an answer before," he said, "but it is so unlucky for Effie. This great critic—is the only editor who will read her verses. And now, of course, he will be offended, and will never take any more."

"He shall not have any more," said Effie, with red cheeks.

"Oh! But that would be horribly mean. Well, Archie, I will begin by taking advice. I know a dramatic critic—his name is Stephenson. I will ask him what you should do next, and I will ask him about your verses, Effie, too—those verses which you are always going to show me."

"I tell her," said her brother, "that she will ready find another editor. You would say so, too, if you were to see her verses. I am always telling her she ought to show them to you."

The poet blushed. "Some day, perhaps, when I am very courageous."

"No—to-day." Archie opened a drawer and took out a manuscript book bound in limp brown leather. "I will read you one," he said.

"Of course, you will say kind things," said the poet. "But you cannot deceive me, Armorel. I shall tell by your eyes and by your face if you like my rhymes."

"Well, I will read one, and I will hear you read volume, and then you will see whether Effie has got her gifts as well as anybody else."

He turned over the pages, selected a poem, and read it. The lines showed, first of all, the sincerity that comes of long and constant practice: next, that they were sweet, simple, and pure in tone.

"Strange!" said Armorel. "I expected to hear something like them before—a verse here and there. Where did I read only the other day a verse in my mind. But, Effie, this is not ordinary girl's verse.

"If you are the cleverest man in London, you are also the most heartless." [Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

"Oh! you really like it?"

"Of course I like it. But it is so strange—I scarcely know the style. May I borrow the whole thing? I will be very careful with it. Thank you. I will take it home with me. And now—I have thought of a plan. Listen, Archie. You know that my young dramatists bring out their pieces first at home in my rooms in the evening. Should you mind, badly," he said. "Could Effie read or recite?"

"The very thing. Bring your dolls along and arrange your groups, while Effie recites. You will like to do anything that will help Archie."

"Very well, then. We well get an evening fixed as soon as possible. I fear we shall have to wait a week or two for people, and we will have a private performance by ourselves. And then we shall defy this critic to say that the piece was worthless—and then wanted to bring it out as his own. I could denounce the impudent pretenders and liars to be found in the audience, if I wished," she added, "that there were two or three of them."

"I wish I could," asked Effie, changing colour. "There is only one."

PART II.—CHAPTER XIV.

AN HONOURABLE PROPOSAL.

At the same time Mr. Alec Feilding, whose ears must have been burning, was engaged in a conversation in his own studio with Armorel's mother. "The conversation took the form of a request," he said—"I had a right to expect," he said—"I had a right to expect a greater devotion—more attention to her wishes. It was not for play that you undertook the charge of this girl. How long have you been with her? Three months? And no more influence over her than when you began."

"You have taken the most comfortable chair by the fire, and I should have any influence over her. A society girl cannot manage. I know what she wants, and nothing else. With such a girl as Armorel a woman, I suppose.' He occupied a commanding position on his own hearthrug, towering over his visitor, but yet he did not command her. Therefore you think, open to flattery and artful ways. To flattery, and yet, strange to say, not to flattery! It is because you are too stupid or too blind to find out the weak point."

"Well! What objection would that raise, I should like to know?"

Zoe laughed softly and sweetly.

"Don't you see, dear Alec? Oh! But you must let Armorel explain to you."

PART II.—CHAPTER XV.

NOT TWO MEN, BUT ONE.

Great is the power of coincidence. Things have got a habit of happening just when they are most likely to be useful. It is not on the stage alone that the long-lost uncle turns up, or the long-missing will is found in the cupboard. And you cannot invent for fiction anything half so strange as the daily coincidence of common life. A tolerably long experience of the common life has convinced me of this great truth. Therefore, the coincidence which happened to Armorel on the very day when the young dramatist unfolded his griefs will not, by wise men, be thought at all strange.

It was in the evening. She was sitting with her companion, thinking over Archie and his play. Was it really good? Was it good enough to hold the stage, and to command the attention of the audience? To her it seemed a singularly beautiful, poetical, and romantic piece. But Armorel was of a lowly and humble mind. She knew that she had no experience in things dramatic. Had it been a picture, now——

"Oh!" cried her companion, suddenly starting upright in the cushioned chair where she was lying apparently asleep, "I had almost forgotten. My dear, I have got a present for you."

"From yourself, Zoe?"

"Yes; from myself. It is a present which cost me nothing, but is worth a good deal. The making of it cost nobody anything. Yet it is a very precious thing. The material of which it is made is worth nothing. Yet the thing is worth anything you please."

"It must be a picture, then."

"It is a Work of Art, but not a picture. Guess again."

"No; I will not guess any more. May I have it without guessing?"

Zoe held in her hands a small roll of blue paper. This she now opened, and gazed at the writing upon it with idolatry: but it hardly carried conviction with it—perhaps it was a little overdone.

"Least imaginative of girls," she said. It pleased her to consider Armorel's refusal to join in that little scheme of hers as proving a lack of imagination. "I have brought you, though you do not deserve it, what any other girl in London would give—would give—a dance, perhaps, to obtain, and you shall have it for nothing."

"I want to hear what it is."

"It is nothing less, Armorel, nothing less—I got it to-day from the table in his studio—than an autograph: it is the copy used by the printers—an autograph poem of Alec's! An autograph poem, as yet unpublished."

"Is that all?" replied the least imaginative of girls. "You must not give it to me, really. You will value it far more than I shall. Besides, I suppose it is to be published some day."

"But the original manuscript—the autograph poem, dear child! Don't you know the value of such a thing? Take it, you shall be enriched in spite of yourself. Take it and put it aside somewhere in your desk, in some safe place. Heavens! if one had the autograph of a poem of Byron, for example!"

"Mr. Feilding is not Byron," said Armorel, coldly. "He may write pretty feminine verses, but he is not Byron. Thank you, however. I will take it, and I will keep it and value it because you think it valuable. I do not suppose the autograph verses of small poets are worth keeping; but still—as you value it." . . .

This was very ungracious and ungrateful. But she was really tired of Mr. Feilding's praises, and after the discovery of the pictures, and after the strange story she had heard only that morning—no; she wanted to hear no more, for the present, of the praises of this man—the cleverest man in London!

However, she unrolled the paper, and began to read the contents, at first carelessly. Then, "Oh! what is this?" she cried.

"What is what?" asked Mrs. Elstree.

"This is a copy."

They were the same words as she had used concerning the pictures. She remembered this, and a strange suspicion seized her. "A copy," she repeated, wondering.

"A copy? Not at all. They are the verses which are to appear in the next number of the journal—or the number after next. Alec's own verses, of course. Sweetly pretty, I think: what makes you say that they are copied?"

"I thought that I had seen them—something like them—somewhere before." She went on reading. As she read she remembered the lines more clearly.

"What is the matter, Armorel?" asked Zoe. "What makes you look so fierce? Heaven help your husband when you look like that!"

"Did I look fierce? It must have been something that I remembered. Yes—that was it."

"May I read the verses again?" Zoe read them suspiciously. There was something in them which had startled Armorel. What was it? She could see nothing to account for this emotion. Certainly she was not fond of poetry, and failed to appreciate the fine turns and subtle tones, the felicitous phrase and the unexpected thought with which the poet delights his readers. In this little poem she could find nothing but a few jingling rhymes. Why should Armorel behave so strangely?

"What is it, my dear?" she asked again.

"Something I remembered—nothing of any importance."

"Armorel, has Alec said anything to you? Has he—has he wanted to make love to you? Has he offended you by speaking?"

"No. There has been no question of love-making between us, and there never will be."

"One cannot say." Zoe looked at the matter from experience. "One can never say. Men are strange creatures; and Alec certainly thinks a great deal of you."

"I cannot imagine his making love—any more than I can imagine his painting a picture or writing a poem. Perhaps he would make love as he paints."

"Well, he paints very well."

"Very well indeed, I dare say." She got up. "I am going to leave you to-night, Zoe. I want to go to my own room. I have things to write. You don't mind?"

"My dear child, mind! Of course, one would rather have your company. But since you must leave me"—she sank back in her chair with a sigh. "Give me that book, dear—if you please—the French novel. When one has been married one can read French novels without trying to conceal the fact. They are mostly wicked, and sometimes witty. Not always. Good-night, dear. I shall not expect you back this evening."

Armorel, in her own room, opened the manuscript book of poems which Archie had given her, and found—the very last of all—the lines which she had remembered. She laid the precious autograph beside Effie's poem. Word for word—comma for comma—they were exactly the same. There was not the slightest difference. And again Armorel thought of the two pictures.

Then she thought of the little dainty volume in white parchment containing the Second Series of "Voice and Echo, by Alec Feilding." She had tossed it aside, impatient with the man, when Zoe gave it to her. Now she looked for it, and found it after a little search. She opened it side by side with Effie's manuscript book. Presently she found the page in Effie's book which corresponded with the first page of the printed volume. There were about thirty or forty poems in the little book: in the manuscript book there were double that number; but the same poems followed each other one after the other in the same order, and without the difference of a single word, both in book and manuscript.

This discovery justifies my remarks about the common coincidences of daily life.

Again Armorel remembered that Zoe possessed another volume—the First Series of "Voice and Echo, by Alec Feilding." It was lying—she had seen it in the afternoon—in the drawing-room. She went in search of it, and returned without waking her companion, who had apparently fallen asleep over her novel.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Elstree was not sleeping. She was broad awake, but she was curious. She desired to know what it all meant: why Armorel was suddenly struck with hardness, why her cheek burned, and her eyes flashed; and what she wanted in the drawing-room. She perceived that Armorel had come in search of Alec's first volume of verse. Oh! Alec's first volume of verse. Now—what might Armorel want with that book?

At the end of March it is light at about half past five. Everybody is then in their soundest sleep. But at that hour Mrs. Elstree came softly out of her bed-room, wrapped in her dressing-gown, her feet in soft slippers of white wool, and looked at the books and papers on the table in Armorel's room. There was a manuscript volume of verse, professing to be by one Effie Wilmot. There were also two printed little volumes, bound in white-and-gold, containing verses by one Alec Feilding. Strange and wonderful! The verses in both books were exactly the same! Mrs. Elstree returned to bed, thoughtful.

Armorel, for her part, when she returned to her own room, compared the first series of poems, as she had compared the second, with the manuscript book. And the first series, too, word for word, was the same as the earlier poems in the book.

"Good heavens!" cried Armorel. "The man steals his verses, as he steals his pictures! Poor Effie! She is as bad as Roland!"

This was Thought the First. One has already seen how the three Thoughts treated her before. This time was just the same. Thought the Second came next, and began to argue. A very capable logician is Thought the Second, once distinguished for what Oxford men call Science. If, said Thought the Second, the manuscript and the volumes agree, it seems to show that Effie has copied the latter into her own book, and now tries to pass the poems off as her own. Such things have been done. If this was the case—and why not?—Effie would be, indeed, a girl full of deceit and desperately wicked. But then, how came Effie to have in her volume a poem hitherto unpublished, which was lying on Mr. Feilding's table? Yet, surely, it was quite as probable that the girl should deceive her as that the man should deceive the world.

Next, Thought the Third. This sage remarked calmly, "The man is full of villany. He has deceived the world in the matter of the pictures. Why not also in the matter of the poems? But let us consider the character of the verses. Take internal evidence." Then Armorel read the whole series right through in the two little printed volumes. Oh! They were feminine. Only a woman could write these lines. Womanhood breathed in every one. Now that the key was supplied, she understood. She recognised the voice, eager, passionate, of her friend.

"They are all Effie's!" she cried again: "all—all. The man has stolen his verses as well as his pictures."

This discovery, when she had quite made up her mind that it was as true as the former, entirely fell in with all that Effie had told her concerning herself. She had sold her poems all to one editor—he was the only editor who would ever take them—and now she was afraid that he would take no more. Why?—why?—because—oh, now she understood all—because he wanted to be a dramatist in the same way that he was a painter and a poet, and neither Archie nor his sister would consent! "Yes," she said, "he is, indeed, the cleverest man in London."

Before she went to bed that night she had devised a little plan—quite an ingenious clever little plan. You shall hear what it was, and how it came off.

(To be continued.)

FEMININE FELINITY.

"You look tired."

"I am."

"Well, I don't see what tired you. You danced less than any girl in the room."

CORRECT.

TEACHER: "Who was most concerned when Absalom got hung by the hair?"

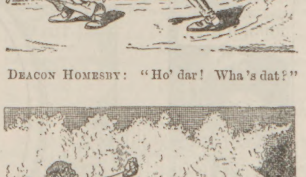
Tommy: "Abs'lom."

National Art Competition.—The exhibition of the works submitted for the National Art Competition 1890, by the Schools of Art throughout the kingdom, was opened to the public on Monday last, and will remain open until the end of August. The works are on view in the Enamels Gallery of the South Kensington Museum. The free days are Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, when the Museum is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

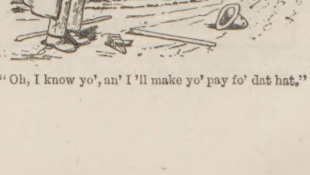
A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

SERPINTA: "Therea goes ze mine owner. I know him in the darka."

"Deada mana tella no tale."



DEACON HOMESHY: "Ho' dar! Wha's dat?"



"Oh, I know yo', an' I 'll make yo' pay fo' dat hat."

NERVOUS AND NERVOUS SYSTEM.—In order to prevent distressing ailments resulting from overwork, everybody should wear one of HARNESS' Electric Belts. Sufferers declare that they "work like magic." Pamphlet and copies of testimonials free. Sufferers should call and avail themselves of a free consultation at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52a, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). These Belts are guaranteed genuine.—[ADVT.]

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*—[ADVT.]

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE Queen crossed from Osborne last Saturday to open a new dock at Southampton, which she named the Empress. A ribbon had been stretched across the entrance, which was broken by the bow of the Royal yacht Alberta. After steaming round the dock, the yacht was moored against a part of the quay, where the Archbishop of Canterbury conducted a short religious service. Addresses were presented to the Queen, who, in reply, expressed her best wishes for the prosperity of the town and port of Southampton, which gave her Majesty a right hearty welcome, and gaily kept holiday.

The Royal yacht Alberta has not only undergone a thorough overhaul and refit, but the cabins have been redecorated very tastefully, and the furniture has been renewed. The Queen expressed her approbation of the arrangements when she crossed the Solent the other day. It is understood that the patterns were selected by Princess Beatrice.

At 11 a.m. to-day (Saturday) the Hohenzollern, with the Emperor William on board, is to arrive at Ostend. As soon as the German squadron has entered the port the Emperor (says "Atlas") will be officially welcomed by King Leopold and Prince Baudoin, who will conduct their guest in a state carriage through the streets and along the Digue, which are to be lined with regular troops and the Garde Civique, to the Châlet Royal, where the Emperor will reside; the King occupying the old palace in the Rue Longue during the Emperor's stay. In the evening a gala dinner of one hundred covers will be given at the Hôtel de Ville, at which most of the Belgian Ministers and all the German naval officers are to be present. The King has taken the greater portion of the Hôtel de la Plage for the accommodation of the Emperor's suite and his own Ministers. The projected excursions to Antwerp and Spa are not generally credited, as the Emperor must leave Ostend at latest on the evening of Sunday in order to arrive at the Needles on the 4th inst.

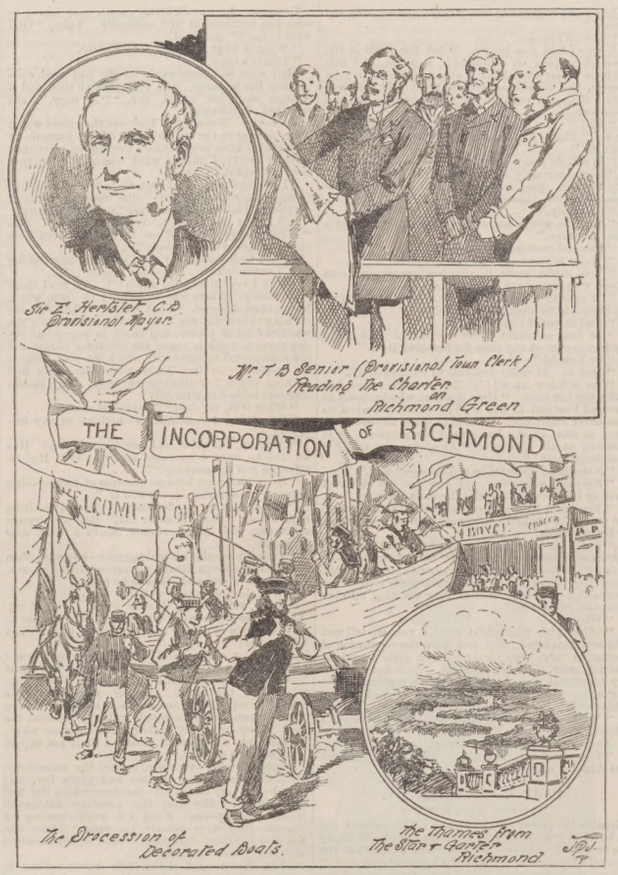
The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who is staying at Scarborough, is greatly improving in health. On Monday morning he visited the Spa, in company with his equerry, Captain Holford.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters visited Southwark on Thursday week, and were heartily cheered along the whole route, which the inhabitants had decorated with great taste. At St. Saviour's Church the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the new nave. The Royal party next visited the Evelina Hospital. The third engagement was the laying of the foundation-stone of the South London Ophthalmic Hospital in St. George's-circus. In reply to addresses at both ceremonies, the Prince expressed the pleasure he felt in being associated in the work.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children have gone down to Osborne to relieve Princess Christian in her attendance on the Queen. The Duke and Duchess are, it is said, writing an account of their Indian experiences, taken from the long weekly letters they wrote to the Queen. The book is to be illustrated by the Duchess, who took many hundred sketches during her stay there. She is a very good artist.

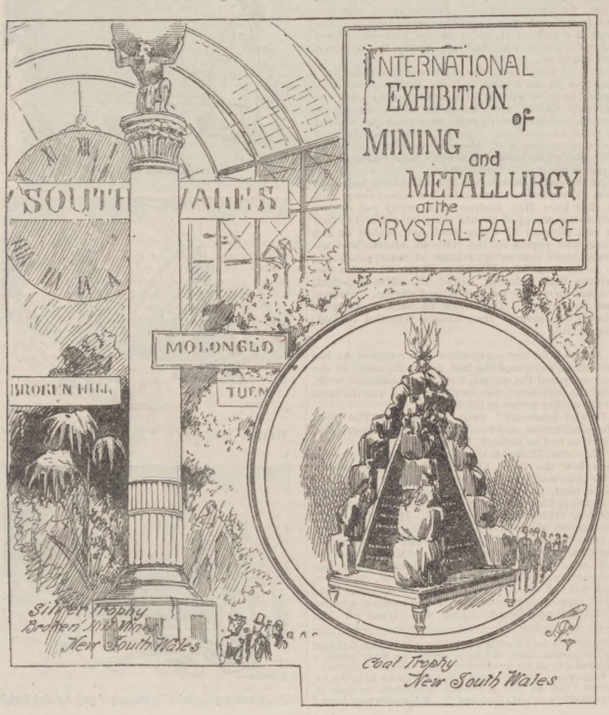
Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg were among the five thousand people who were present at the representation of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play on Sunday week. They are travelling as Count and Countess Carisbrooke.

In the House of Commons Sir J. Fergusson moved the Second Reading of the Anglo-German Agreement Bill, sanctioning the cession of Heligoland to Germany. Mr. Gladstone gave unqualified credit to Lord Salisbury for the spirit in which he had set about this agreement. He maintained, however, that the present demand upon the House, to vote a cession of territory, was absolutely unparalleled. The treaty-making power lay solely in the Crown, and the uniform and unbroken practice had been, in all cases of treaties, to invite the assent of Parliament after they were made, and if the House of Commons withheld their consent the Ministry was turned out. This gave the House of Commons supreme control over the treaty-making power of the Crown. But if the treaty-making power was to be handled by a Bill, that power, which the House of Commons now possessed exclusively, was halved by the House of Lords. He could not vote against the Bill, but he must decline to be a party to the constitution of such a precedent, and consequently would not take any part in the proceedings. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said the assent of Parliament was not asked because it was deemed indispensable, but because the Crown had inserted a Clause in the Treaty that Parliament should associate itself with the Crown in the making of the Treaty. After speeches by Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry James, the Bill passed its second reading by a large majority (209 to 61).



Richmond made very merry on Wednesday of last week over its charter of incorporation and the election of its first Mayor. Amid music, cheering, brilliant sunshine, bell-ringing, and the waving of handkerchiefs from all the windows, a gay procession made a complete round of the town. It was a triumphal progress from first to last, though it lasted nearly three hours. The Lass of Richmond Hill was represented in bewildering force as the gay column moved slowly up the street, past the public gardens, round by the villas to the left of the main thoroughfare, down into the district of the working people, again into the villa district of the Kew-road, and so back again to the Green. On the route there were glimpses of the beautiful Thames Valley, noble Richmond Park, and the famous gardens, of which the curious Pagoda is far and near the upward and visible sign. On the green, the festive beating of the bounds having been accomplished, there was a short ceremony. Under the shade of the old elms a platform was erected. The local contingent of the East Surrey Volunteers were guard of honour; and the people of Richmond in serried masses were an animated background to the picture. Sir Edward Hertslet announced that the newly arrived Charter would be publicly read, and he said that although he had been made provisional Mayor it was to the Committee of Incorporation, with Mr. Skewes-Cox as Chairman, that all the best thanks were due. The Charter was read by the Provisional Town Clerk, who concluded by showing the big red seal which ratified the Incorporation, and it was received, moved by Mr. Skewes-Cox, and seconded by Mr. John Maxwell, that the Charter of Incorporation be accepted. This motion being carried amid loud cheers, and Richmond now being raised to be, worse, a real borough, cheers were given for the Queen, and the National Anthem was sung by the crowd and played by the Volunteers band.

There is a valuable Mining Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Lord Thurlow opened it last May-day in the absence of the Duke of Fife, who is enjoying a second honeymoon in Scotland with his fair young Duchess. The richness of New South Wales in mineral wealth is amply represented. The Broken Hill Silver Mine of itself would constitute a record. Overshadowing as this towering property may seem, there are yet other properties that well arrest the attention of visitors in the New South Wales displays—alum rock, mineral oil shales, auriferous quartzes, coal, malachites, copper, tin, and other ores. There are also limestones, marbles, granites, serpentines, and other ornamental stones. Diamond mining in New South Wales may also become important, 50,000 diamonds having been already obtained from the drifts of Bingera, Inverell, and Copeland. The South Australian Court takes second rank, and it is, nevertheless, very fine. Among the exhibits are those of the Moonta Copper Mines at Wallaroo, some of the ore being raised from a depth of 1,000 ft. In the New South Wales and Queensland courts exhibits gold is a preponderating element. New South Wales has its diamond-fields, South Australia has its "rubies"—the diamonds are real diamonds, the "rubies" are only so called. They are, however, very pretty stones. Mr. Pritchard Morgan, chairman of the executive council, explained the objects and scope of the exhibition.



NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

"ALL in the Downs the Fleet lay Moored" . . . A magnificent sight, indeed, was presented by the British Ships of War gathered in martial array in the Downs on Sunday and Monday mornings last, with their fine complement of Torpedo-boats, of whose probable utility in modern warfare some idea may be formed from Mr. Joseph H. Wells's vivid page Drawing. Visitors to Torbay and Weymouth were favoured with similarly grand spectacles, and duly admired the masterly evolutions respectively of Admiral Seymour's Fleet and Admiral Sir George Tryon's Fleet. But to return to the Commodore. In response to the signal of the Commodore, Captain Powlett, on board the fleet weighed anchor, the following vessels proceeding out beyond South Sands Head Lightship: Arrow, Belleisle, Hydra, Cyclops, Gorgon, Hecate, Glatton, and Grasshopper. When the vessels had arrived off the South Sands Head Lightship they began evolutions and gun practice, firing broadsides. The weather being bright and clear, the scene from the shore was a very interesting one, the clouds of smoke belching from the guns being seen very distinctly, while the manœuvres in the Channel could be watched for quite ten miles. The following torpedo-boats, forming the Medway and Portsmouth divisions, followed the battle-ships about half an hour later: 65, 67, 68, 72, 73, 74, 78, 79, 80, 83, 84, and 85. After following the fleet a few miles, the flotilla of torpedo-boats proceeded to Dover, and ultimately returned in the afternoon to Walmer Castle, where they anchored. On Monday night they left again, and proceeded northwards for the Gulls. The manœuvring of the small craft on Monday consisted of torpedo practice.

AN INCIDENT ON THE MARCH IN CENTRAL INDIA.

THE 1st Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment has moved from Mhow to Kamptee, and while on the march through the forests of the Satpura Range, halted, a correspondent tells us, at the village of Kesla. Next morning, when the regiment moved on to Dhar, Quartermaster-Sergeant Watkins was left behind to see the camping ground cleared up, and followed some two hours later. A villager acted as guide to the quartermaster-sergeant and his native followers, but, except for Sergeant Watkins's sword, the party was unarmed. They had heard reports of being in the neighbourhood, but were not prepared for the tiger which suddenly sprang out upon them when about halfway. The tiger did not take any notice of the party, and, when Sergeant Watkins reached camp and reported the occurrence, a party of officers at once went back to the place, but nothing more was seen of it.

A TIGER ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

THE RACING WORLD

Goodwood

Owes its qualification "glorious" mainly to alliteration, sunniness, and handiness. If the meeting's name could have been found for it, though probably none is more thoroughly deserved. Goodwood this year, and for many former seasons, has been glorious, and one year with Tam o' Shanter in mind—great also. For with Tam o' Shanter is an absolute necessary for enjoying the delightful surroundings whose surroundings are sadly marred when Goodwood-wester's rain-laden gales fight against its successful success. But nothing of that sort can interfere with the quality of its racing. As a matter of fact, a run of fine—i.e. dry—weather works against the interests because, in the main, high-class horses are engaged, and if the ground is hard for a spell beforehand, a large proportion of these cannot be with a metropolitan function I may be answered that you get the best of provincial beauty, talent, &c., at London's big fêtes, on occasions such as Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race, the cricket-match, sports, Ascot, Sandown, &c. Admitting all to be argued in that line, and without hope of combating the proposition, I am sure many who have wide experience will agree with me that there are sporting fixtures in the country at which even the people one has seen at those in or about the metropolis somehow appear to carry different characteristics. Take the St. Lawrence Cricket Ground during the Canterbury week, and Lord's on an Oxford and Cambridge day. Comparison between the two crowds does not hold: the principal figures may be the same, but they do not look the same. Setting aside the swells, the

Holiday Attendance at Goodwood

is worth observing and studying. And the more you do pay attention to these, the brighter should be your memory of the meeting. Where can you find a fresher, more wholesome subject at races than a yeoman's party in Charlton Park? Pater et mater-

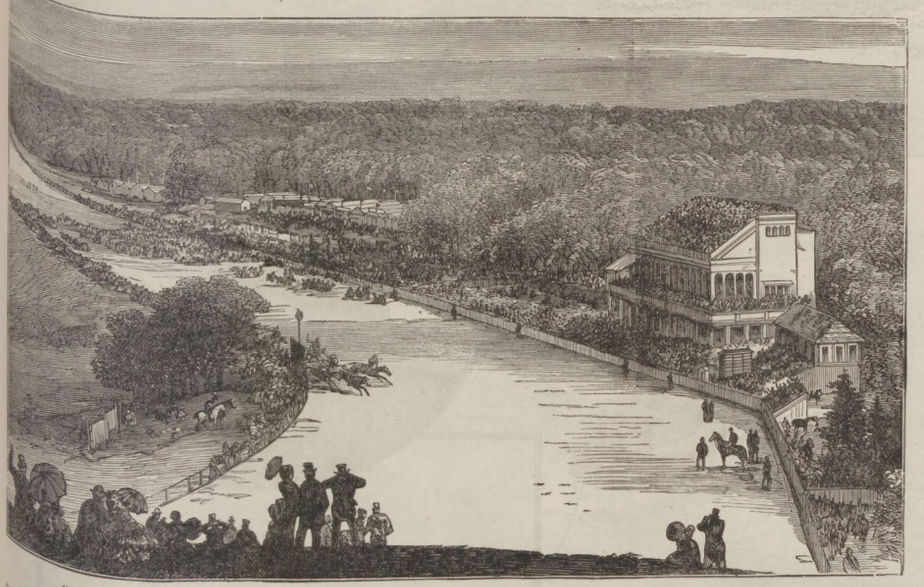
interesting events. Take a jog through the villages on the north side, Charlton, Singleton, East Dean, West Dean, &c., and mark the racing plates nailed to doors of stalls and horse-boxes tenanted once a year only, it may be, by thoroughbreds. When I say mark the plates, I mean that the plates, or racing shoes, are labelled with names of the gallant steeds who wore them. Generations of heroes and

Heroines of the Turf

are represented on these stable doors. If you are an old hand at the sport you read these inscriptions. Here you have a Cup winner who set seal on his fame by carrying off the Goodwood trophy when it was one of the most coveted of the Calendar, after landing other great prizes. You reflect with pleasure on his exploit in Sussex—a win which, perchance, brings to memory, as fresh as if the occurrences were only weeks old, his other big performances. Many a time and oft have I stood outside a stable at Charlton and seen as at a glance the

Whole Career of a Splendid Animal,

who showed the plate now rusting to a field of fleet



"GLORIOUS GOODWOOD," THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S PICTURESQUE RACECOURSE.—SEE "THE RACING WORLD."

properly trained. So long as they are fit to run, they may race all right in the Duke of Richmond's park at any time, because it boasts the

Best Course in England—

one almost independent of sun and drying wind's action. Lord George Bentinck had it laid out on a plan of his own, and few yet equalled. Goodwood happens at a period of the year when society is ready and eager for a fillip into the country. Royalty, as represented by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is a keen patron. Where the Prince is the Court follows suit, and society accepted and hall-marked must be on hand, and society struggling to be recognised would not miss the chance of being at the right places at the right time, were it ever so. These considerations, and the full gatherings in the reserved enclosure, and about the beech-wood backing the course, are pretty sights as the swells make, they do not fail to many of us so pleasing a picture as the local

Holiday Folks,

who from miles round congregate to take their pleasures by no means sadly though most sensibly; and I am aware that when I compare a provincial

familias know about a great many branches of sport. The lads and lasses could vie with their parents in local topographical information, from the etymology of Trundell Hill—originally Troundel Hill—in which are remains of an old beacon, to the points of the country, east, west, south, north, over which they have hunted with one or other of the great landowners'—Lord Leconfield or the Lennox family's—hounds. All of them know

Goodwood Traditions

of Cup and Stakes and Nursery heroes of old times, while not unfrequently you fall across veterans to whom the disaster in the Goodwood Stakes in Pretty Boy's year (I recollect it, but will not give myself away so much in the matter of age as to speak as a veteran observer personally) counts as a comparatively recent experience.

To friends who love racing lore, I can warmly recommend a visit to the Goodwood country when racing is not on; then you can fine cosy quarters at any one of half a dozen villages near the park, and in a couple of days' stroll in its picturesque purlieus pick up innumerable reminders of past

rivals, none of them able to wrest the lead from him in the race on the heights above. The contests were run for me again. I saw the people, the scene, the struggle; motives and contingencies were recalled to memory; accidents, and their results in upsetting deep-laid plans. I could hear the great roar of the crowd as the winner scored; see once more the exultation of one party, the mortification of the other; the quiet, self-contained satisfaction of the winning jockey and the expression of ill-concealed disappointment of the rider of the second. Why, said I to myself, there was A, who got his first start towards the big fortune he made, and B, who was so hard hit that he never came up to time. Did not C deceive his best friend D, and make him lose, and E insist that F must go for the winner, and so set him on his legs again, when one more bit of bad luck would have done for him for ever? Then there was G, the trainer, who never looked back from that day, and H, the jockey, who about that year was so dead in form that he could almost have won a Derby on a donkey. And the other letters of the alphabet, all representing old celebrities, with some of these we went home

After the Racing

to Southsea, or Chichester, or Bognor, or Brighton, or Worthing, and made a good day better with the box or the books, or a bad day so much the worse, till daylight did appear, and long after. You, or, at least, I do, get into a train of this sort of thought with cue given by an old horse-shoe nailed on a Sussex village stable door, and verily enjoy the retrospect, till pulled up with a round turn at the thought that all the folk who filled your mental gallery are dead and gone. The gee made a name for himself at his stud. His best son is dead too. The jockey long since joined the majority, at last a pauper, perhaps. Present generations know not the trainer. You might quote the fielders and backers concerned, and not give one now about. All are gone.

The Turf

is over them, instead of their being on the turf. You realise that you are an old fogey, lagging, may be, superfluous on the racing stage, and, unless you are a veritable philosopher, feel sorry that you were taken so far and completely back on the cue given by a rusty old horse-shoe. No matter. If you are in the Goodwood country at race-times you mount the hill, on wheels probably, though you used to walk up the smart slope, and gloried a little in keeping good wind during the operation, but once on the course find effective distraction.

For "World of Pastime," see page 78.

THE MORNING OF JULY 23, at 9 o'clock, S. F. Edge started from the White Horse Cellars, Piccadilly, to essay the task of breaking all previous coaching and bicycling records to Brighton and back, the best of which was F. Shorland's recent 7h. 3m. 42min. for the half-distance, and 7h. 19min. for the double journey (as sketched by a *P.I.P.* Artist). Mr. Edge's desire by reaching Brighton (fifty-four miles) in 3h. 18min., an improvement of 28min. on the time for that stage of the journey, and duly getting back to the White Horse Cellars in 7h. 2min. 50sec., or 16min. 52sec. better than Shorland's record. Mr. E. A. Powell was responsible for the times. A *P.I.P.* Artist also

S. F. EDGE BEATING SHORLAND'S CYCLE RECORD BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

KNOW ALL MEN.

By these presents.

AGREEMENT made this twenty-eighth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and ninety, between the public, otherwise known as the people of Great Britain and Ireland, of the one part, and **FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS, of 11, Ludgate-square, London, E.C.**, hereinafter named "The Tablets," of the other part.

WITNESSETH.

1. That whereas many of the persons of the first part are sufferers from or liable to Eczema, Impurity of the Blood, and other Skin and Blood Diseases, and have heretofore sought for and failed to obtain relief or cure for the said maladies, it is hereby agreed by and between the parties hereto that "The Tablets" shall and will afford curative or mitigative aid to such sufferers as aforenamed, provided that one or more packets of the aforesaid "Tablets" are obtained by the persons of the first part, and used or administered in the manner directed.

2. That the party of the second part ("The Tablets") agree to assist in ensuring the ultimate removal from the skin of any eruptive or pimply blemish and disfigurement; and "The Tablets" further agree to do all that in them lies to attain for the users the blessing of a smooth, clear, healthy complexion. And whereas sulphur, when combined and corrected with other ingredients, as in Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, is of known value for purifying the blood, cleansing the interior pores of the skin, and in clearing and freeing the complexion, then "The Tablets" may and do herewith promise due performance of this agreement.

3. "The Tablets" agree to act as an alterative medicine, by which the course of blood disease is changed, and the virus poison or microbes rendered harmless, with consequent great improvement to the general health of persons of the first part, whose afflictions from sores, wounds, and breakings out have hitherto rendered life a burden hard to be borne.

4. "The Tablets" agree to impregnate and permeate the blood of children with a safe and pleasant aërial purifying power, by which the blood is rendered aseptic, thus resisting any tendency of the vital fluid to putrescence or fermentation, by which feverish tendencies are allayed or prevented, breakings-out and sore places avoided or cured, and by which the peevishness, weariness and weakness, and physical prostration or ill-health, so terribly trying and demoralising to children, are avoided.

5. That wherever there is derangement or a disorganised condition of the excretory functions, "The Tablets" agree to exert a healthily stimulative yet gentle action on the blood-vessels of the parts adjacent, by which sluggishness and obstructions are corrected and dispersed, and the normal natural condition of proper health restored.

6. "The Tablets" further agree, while effecting the end desired, as per clause 5 above, not to cause or create any tendency to hæmorrhoids (piles), stricture, fistula, &c., &c., but rather to act as a pain-assuager, and as an astringent where there is a weakening waste of blood, "The Tablets" thus being of especially great service where hæmorrhoidal attacks complicate a visitation of constipation.

7. That whereas uric acid is formed in the blood by the excess and combination of certain atoms of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen unduly retained in the circulation, and which, not being abstracted from the blood and excreted as Nature in her wisdom intends, does act as the biting and painful exciting first cause or origin of most forms of Rheumatism, Rheumatic Fever and Gout, Kidney Diseases, &c., &c., it is hereby agreed that "The Tablets" shall and will chemically act and react upon this poisonous acrid compound, splitting up its parts so that the separated ingredients may and do combine in different and harmless proportions, and be thereby rendered capable of being readily expelled from the body, per the skin and kidneys, to the certain benefit and great relief of patients.

8. And lest that blood poisons, disease germs, &c., which have been rendered innoxious and harmless, should again become decomposed and fester, "The Tablets" agree to exert a specific action of diaphoresis, by which, in a soluble state, these principles or seeds of disease are washed out of the system with the perspiration, so that blood diseases are first relieved, and the cause of the disease likewise eliminated.

9. And whereas Nature abhors the shock of large doses of powerful medicines, and whereas the stomach rebels and the mind resents the resort to nauseous remedies, it is further agreed that "The Tablets" shall prove pleasant alike to eye and taste, and that they will act with positive safety and gentleness by means of a regular small dose repeated twice or thrice daily, and that each dose shall and will, after doing its allotted purifying, preventive, or curative task, then escape from the body per the skin and kidneys, leaving the system free and ready for the beneficial influence of the next dose.

10. And "The Tablets," which are sold by chemists and medicine vendors in packets, price 1s. 1½d., or post free for 1s. 3d. from the sole proprietors, Frazer and Co., 11, Ludgate-square, London, E.C., further agree to exert a generally beneficial influence when their use is occasionally resorted to as a preventive, so that insidious attacks of infectious, contagious, and epidemic maladies are warded off, or their effects greatly minimised.

11. And, in conclusion, the parties of the second part ask the public to test Frazer's Sulphur Tablets

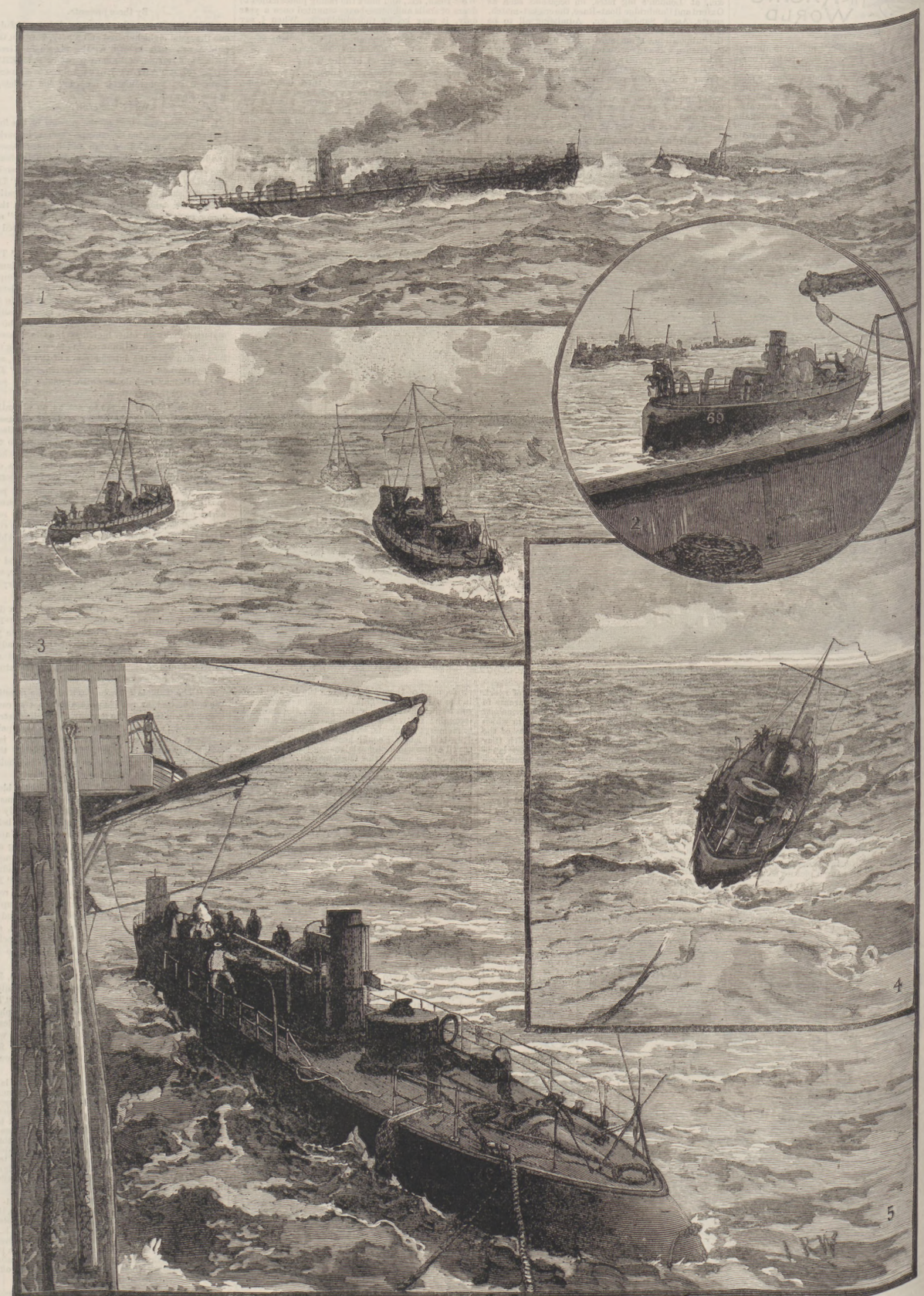
FREE OF CHARGE,

for samples will be sent gratis and post free on written application being briefly made for same. NAME THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—[ADVT.]

Lord Rosebery has left London for Switzerland, taking advantage of the first opportunity for a holiday since he accepted the chairmanship of the London County Council. He will return in time to prepare for the reception of Mr. Gladstone, who will be his guest at Dalmeny in October. He is accompanied by Lady Rosebery.

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 4½d. each.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS' ILLD. GUIDE, 229 pp. (3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Shops fitted for every trade.—MR. H. MYERS.—[ADVT.]



1. Torpedo-Boat in a Rough Sea. 2. Taking Boats in Tow to Refit. 3. Boats in Tow Preparing to Cast Off. 4. Watering a Boat in a Heavy Sea.
5. Coaling a Torpedo-Boat from a Man-of-War.

BRITISH NAVAL MANŒUVRES: OUR TORPEDO-BOAT FLOTILLA.

CLOSE OF THE FIRST BISLEY MEETING OF THE N.R.A.: THE 14TH HUSSARS WINNING THE ROYAL CAMBRIDGE TROPHY.

GOOD-BYE, BISLEY!

What a blunder it was on the part of the authorities not to persuade some Royal Princess or Duchess to close the first N.R.A. Meeting at Bisley as gracefully as the Princess of Wales opened our Tir National! We have it on good authority that the Bisley prize-winners felt this very much. The regrettable oversight has, I suppose, only to be mentioned here to prevent a recurrence. Meantime, it is but the due of Mr. Charles Scotter to praise that indefatigable manager for the excellent railway service between Waterloo and Brookwood.

A P.I.P. Artist, it will be observed, was present on last Saturday at Bisley Camp, and sketched one of the most interesting of the concluding competitions. The programme contained three items—the Rudge, for sections of Volunteer Cyclists; the Regular Cavalry contest, for the Royal Cambridge Shield; and the Evelyn Wood. The Cyclists' match was the only one taken in the morning, the conditions being sections of four efficients, who had belonged to their sections not fewer than six months, one section only being allowed from each battalion. All six completed well within the time allowed, the Rudge tricycle and £20 given as the first prize being won by the section from the Croydon corps, and the second prize of £10 going to the Blackheath battalion.

The Royal Cambridge Challenge Shield (the crowning stage of which animated contest is depicted by a *P.I.P.* Artist) obtained five teams for competition. The firing distances were 500 and 600 yards, not more than five rounds being fired at each distance. The teams had to ride about three quarters of a mile, taking three flights of hurdles in the course, firing dismounted, the horses being held by mounted men, who, after the first half-section had fired, changed with them, and took their turn at the firing-point. Ten minutes were allowed for the course, with half-minute deductions of seven points up to fifteen minutes, beyond which a team would be thrown out. The winners were the 14th Hussars, who get £25, with the shield; the Royal Dragoons get £15 for second prize. The victors' scores were:—

	Time.	Score. 500 yds.	600 yds.	Ttl.
14th Hussars ...	...	8.56 ... 65	... 50	— 115

For the Evelyn Wood Prize nine teams came up to Bisley from Aldershot. The preliminary competitions at Aldershot had reduced the number left in for Bisley to the nine, and these were formed into two "details," five in one and four in the other, each "detail" representing so many companies in the first line of the battalion attack formation. Each team consisted of sixteen files (thirty-two men), under an officer. The target was a row of head-and-shoulder dummies, with supports in rear; and the practice was the attack in the third zone—that is, from 800 yards up to the position—divided into two stages, from the start to the reinforcement by supports, and from the reinforcement to the assault. The number of rounds fired by each company team was 432. The drill appeared to be most regular, and showed how excellent has been the training in this difficult but highly necessary practice. When the calculation had been completed, the teams stood in the following order:—

	Percentage of hits to rounds fired.
1st Battalion Royal West Surrey, F Co.	26·73
1st Battalion Devon, H Co.	25·46
1st Battalion Somerset Light Infantry, G Co. ...	23·14
1st Battalion Devon, D Co.	19·44
1st Battalion Liverpool, A Co.	18·50
2d Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Hlndrs., B Co.	18·28

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Goodwood Week

seals the close of the London Season, and puts a full stop to a very busy period for West-End modistes, drapers, and milliners, tailors, hosiers, jewellers, and shoemakers, florists, and all who gain livelihoods from the thousand and one wants and whims of the "Upper Ten Thousand." The delightfully green sward of Goodwood has this week displaced Hyde Park in the affections of the rich (too many of whom utterly forget the very poor who abound in the opulent capital they have gladly left), and presently the high dames of society will be flocking from the Duke of Richmond's charming and seductive pleasaunce to the Cowes villas and yachting palaces where it is the custom of the privileged classes to continue their lives of luxury. Happily, numbers of the busy bees of the "World of Women" can, in the early autumn, also look forward to sipping some of the honey of rest and change in the bright and renovating Watering Places which cluster round our coasts. And it is for this large and deserving class that I have, with the gracious permission of the Editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, reproduced a pretty

Bouquet of Smart Hats

from that deservedly popular journal of the fair sex. Aren't these hats daintily drawn by Mr. Cooper? They have been specially designed for the establishment of Madame Joséphine St. John, of 37, Conduit-street, Bond-street, and every lady reader can depend upon it that in wearing one or the other in the country, at a garden-party, or on the marine parade or pier, she will be quite up to Goodwood fashion.

Mark the graceful lines of No. 1—a hat that would suit a fair blonde to perfection. This is a novel hat in white felt, quaintly cut something like a heart in shape—therefore, a suitable present from a husband to a wife, or from a lover to his betrothed sweetheart. Bewitchingly arranged under the wide brim in front is a long ostrich feather, shaded from deep petunia to palest mauve. Other feathers in the same lovely colouring soften and poetically conceal the outline of the crown, and droop over the hair at the back in the prettiest fashion imaginable.

No. 2 is another hat calculated to enhance the captivating charm of a pretty face; and pretty faces are, to my mind, more plentiful than ever among the rising generation of sweet English lasses, peerless for beauty all the world over. This is a piquant hat of plaited Swiss rush, made in a shape which lies quite flat on the head, except for a small band of brown velvet, which just lifts it lightly off the hair. Trimmed with velvet roses, shading from dark crimson to palest pink, the crown is radiantly lovely. The flowers are intermixed with buds and brown foliage, and are prettily tied with bows of narrow brown velvet.

No. 3 is a similarly attractive hat in its way. It is rather large, and made of black open-work crinoline straw, bordered round the bent-about brim with a fine pleating of black Chantilly lace. Clusters of black ostrich tips are placed back and front of the hat, and look very picturesque, while on one side there is a large rose in a bright shade of pink, set round with pale-green foliage.

No. 4 is likewise a picturesque shape. It is made entirely without a crown, and consists of a deeply curved and crinkled brim of Swiss rush, turned up very sharply, both in front and at the back. On one side there is a large pink rose, with a mass of foliage and buds, the rest of the trimming being formed of cream chiffon, printed with an old-world pattern, consisting of large red roses and pale-green leaves, the whole effect being most artistic and becoming.

Exceedingly *chic* must No. 5 be pronounced. It is a pale-grey felt hat, cut in a novel manner at the back, and fitting tightly and comfortably on the hair. Across the back of the crown you see a flight of birds, their plumage being a harmonious combination of fawn colour and palest green, with a dash of white on their little breasts. In front of the hat is a large bow of very pale-green ribbon, exactly harmonising with the pale green of the birds' plumage, and very smartly tied.

SMART BOUQUET OF FASHIONABLE GOODWOOD HATS.

London's Poor Sempstresses

merit the grateful remembrances of the fine ladies they have served so faithfully and well during the London Season. There are, even in generally well-to-do Chelsea, some sempstresses, "with fingers weary and worn," who would still be enacting to the life Hood's infinitely pathetic "Song of the Shirt," that wailed forth—

> It is not linen you're wearing out, but human creatures' lives—

were it not for certain kind-hearted gentlewomen who sincerely sympathise with their hard lot. For instance, Lady Dilke, in the autumn, will generously entertain a number of Chelsea sempstresses at her riverside residence, near Shepperton. Speaking of the charitable consort of Sir Charles Dilke (of whom she is a loving and real helpmate), it should have been stated last week that the Monday party at Dockett Eddy was a subscription picnic of the members of the West London Association of Fulham and Chelsea.

Now that the period of summer is waning, we begin to hear some talk of autumn fashions, and, among other promised changes, I hear we are to have

Draped Skirts,

with much-trimmed pocket holes on either side, for the convenience of pickpockets, I suppose; for at present, when we have such difficulty in finding our own pockets, it is to be supposed that the thieves have a difficulty also. Waists are made to look as long and slender as possible, not by tight lacing, but by the cut of the bodice and the trimming. Everything fussy and

Fluffy about the Throat

is very much in vogue, and the style is popular with those who do not care for the manly shirt and necktie. I do not specially admire the latter, but I have seen it looking smart and pretty on very young girls.

The Princess of Wales

was recently at a very smart wedding at Trinity Church, Sloane-street. The bride, a very pretty girl, was the daughter of Colonel Stanley Clarke, who is Equerry to the Prince, as well as private secretary to the Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness was, as usual, charmingly dressed in white silk, with a slight trimming of gold braiding round the collar and in the narrow sash ribbons, to harmonise with her bonnet of the same shade. She looked very well indeed. The bride was attended by two bridesmaids only, and a little page who was dressed in white satin with trimmings of turquoise-blue velvet. The vest was of brocaded satin, and the dear little fellow carried a three-cornered hat of white beaver trimmed with blue plumes. Miss Stanley Clarke has married a very rich man, and she and her husband, after a few days spent in the country, start for Norway in their own yacht. A great many people seem to have gone to Norway this season to see

The Midnight Sun.

There were one hundred and twenty people on board the Eldorado, which left on July 8, and it was so rough that, out of that large number, twelve only could eat anything, and they were very uncomfortable, for they had to hold on to their glasses with one hand while they tried to feed themselves with the other.

I am going to say something now about

Poisons.

You will perhaps wonder what has put them into my head; but it so happens that I heard no later than yesterday of a narrow escape that some of the guests at a private dinner-party had of being poisoned through the carelessness—wilful carelessness it was, I am sorry to say—of the cook, who had not cleaned the

Copper Vessels

in which some of the dishes were cooked. And why do you suppose she had not cleaned them? She took offence because, on the occasion of an unusually grand dinner, her mistress got in a French cook. She knew he was engaged, and revenged herself by leaving all her pots and pans dirty. Of course, I do not for a moment suppose that she knew copper must be kept clean or it becomes

Dangerous.

That is not one of the things we teach our girls who go out into the world as cooks. If she knew it she must be, I fear, rather a vindictive woman, and quite as dangerous in her way as the cheap stewpan. It is fortunate that these days of ours there are so many careless and reckless people about, that in no department of medical science greater strides have been made, during the past fifteen years, than in the treatment of those who have taken poison. You all know that there are people in the world who habitually indulge in the luxury of slowly

Killing Themselves

by narcotics. They have not the slightest intention of committing suicide, but they kill themselves, all the same, by taking opium or chloral or opium in the form of morphia. A writer writing upon the use of morphia, says: "Since the introduction of the hypodermic syringe has placed

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

1. Plaza de la Victoria. 2. Statue of General San Martin. 3. Custom House Offices. 4. Chapel of St. Felicitas at Barracas. 5. Government House (where Dr. Celman arrived on Monday) and Post-Office.

BUENOS AYRES (SCENE OF THE SANGUINARY PRONUNCIAMIENTO) AND ITS LATE EXHIBITION.—SEE "FACTS AND FACES."

the hands of man a means of intoxication more effective than any which has hitherto contributed to his craving for

Narcotic Stimulatives.

For every remote village has its slave, and not infrequently several, to the hypodermic syringe, while the larger cities men in business and in the professions, women condemned to a life of semi-invalidism, and ladies immersed in the duties of social life, are alike bound to a habit which they loathe, but whose bonds they are powerless to break." I would most earnestly warn my readers, if among them there are any who indulge in this baneful habit, to do their best to

Break Away from It

before it is too late. Never say "I can't," for you can. You know the old saying, "God helps those who help themselves." It is quite true. God does not perform miracles in the form of signs and wonders, but He can do marvellous great things if *you* will only help Him. But you must never forget that. And taking chloral or sleep is largely on the increase; but the more you take the more you will have to take. And it is not among one class of society alone, it is among all classes, that the habit of drinking chloral is on the increase. The craving for it, like the craving for wine or spirits, becomes overpowering, and it is said that the sufferings of those who are suddenly deprived of it are as great as those of

The Opium Eater.

It is sad to think of the ease with which this insidious poison can be obtained. A great many women keep it in their dressing-cases, if they have them, or hidden away in a drawer out of sight. Of course, as I said just now, the more they take the more they have to take; and so the evil grows and grows. What I have said about the use of narcotics applies also to what we commonly "drink"; to the

Excessive Use of Stimulants.

I suppose there are hundreds of men and women who never will keep sober unless they bind themselves by a solemn oath. It even happens sometimes that the oath does not bind them. What to do with these habitual drunkards is one of the stiffest problems of the day. We cannot either reform them nor get rid of them, and their children will probably turn out drunkards too. If even the women would pull themselves together and make a desperate effort to give up

The Degrading Habit,

what a boon it would be to the world! If there is one woman in *my* world who is the victim of narcotics or of drink, I implore of her to give them up before it is too late. If she compares the amount of pleasure she gets out of either one or the other as compared with the pain, the degradation, and the misery she endures herself and brings on those she loves, surely it ought not to be so very hard; and the harder the fight the greater the victory. Do not listen to the foolish but perhaps well-meaning people who tell you, by way of helping you, that you are going straight to perdition. You will never find yourself in

A Worse Hell

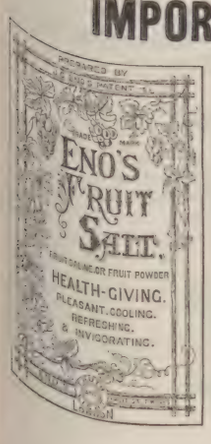
than you have made for yourself on earth; and you can never escape the consequences of your sin—no, not even when you reform; but you can be a good and noble woman for all that, with a light shining in your heart and on your home that "never was on land or sea." Look up, not down. Do not be damaged or afraid. It is never too late to mend. MARGUERITE.

Princess Christian, who has been visiting the Queen, returned last Monday evening to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, from Osborne. Prince Christian accompanied her Royal Highness from London.

A Mass Meeting was held in Victoria Park on Sunday to protest against the sentences passed on the Guardsmen. Mr. J. G. Chapman, an old soldier, said the men of the Grenadier Guards had stated their grievances in writing to their commanding officers, warning them that the existing discontent might lead to serious trouble unless some redress were made. A resolution was carried unanimously protesting against the sentences upon the six Guardsmen as "harsh, cruel, and tyrannical." A sum of money was collected, and a petition to the Queen and the Secretary for War, urging the release of the men, was unanimously signed.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.



"Among the most useful medicines that have been introduced within the last century is **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease, it has, in many instances, prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness. The effect of **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is marvellous. As a nursery medicine the **'FRUIT SALT'** is invaluable; instead of children disliking it, they look upon it rather in the light of a luxury. As a gentle aperient and a corrective in cases of any sort of over-indulgence in eating or drinking, **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** is all that is needful to restore freshness and vigour. In cases of Nervous Headache and Debility it is especially useful, and should be taken in all cases where persons suffer from a sluggish condition of the Liver."—*Young Lady's Journal.*

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

BRITISH HOLIDAY RESORTS.

BLACKPOOL.

The history of the

"Brighton of the North,"

as ambitious Blackpudlians have named this lung of Lancashire, reminds one forcibly of the stories of the rapid growth of cities beyond the "herring-pond." Though dating back to the days of Charles II., of merry memory, and claiming to have been the hiding-place of the young Pretender to the crown of that gay Monarch, Blackpool is decidedly of modern growth. In 1801 it mustered not quite 500 souls, and even so recently as the Census of 1881 it numbered only some 14,000 inhabitants. Since then, however, the resident population has increased to 23,000, with an estimated average daily floating population of 100,000. Indeed,

Half a Million Visitors

in one week is nothing out of the common. The reasons for this rapid growth are numerous. No other watering-place, probably, in the kingdom can boast the attractions of Blackpool in the season. It is a town of amusements—a little Paris by the sea. "Progress" is the motto of the borough, and it must be admitted it has been well acted up to.

The Marine Promenade

is without a superior, and stretches for a distance of nearly four miles from end to end of the town, displaying an unbroken line of houses. The roadway, side-walks, and hulking are artificially formed throughout the entire distance, and represent a total expenditure of £80,000. Along three fourths of this drive is laid an electric tramway, the invention of Mr. Holroyd Smith, of Halifax, claimed to be the first public street tramway propelled by electricity ever laid in England. Opened in September 1885 by the then Mayor of Manchester, it has since been continuously in use, and has carried some hundreds of thousands of passengers, as many as 42,000 persons having been conveyed in one week.

This tramway works smoothly and well, rarely gets out of repair, and has always shown itself to be equal to the enormous strain that is often put upon it. Here is a hint that London could take from the North, by abolishing the present cruel system of horse power in favour of electricity.

Blackpool, indeed, has been a good friend to the new power, for at night, from pier to pier, the promenade is rendered as bright as day by eleven powerful Siemens arc lights, whose dazzling rays can be seen many miles out to sea. In time, no doubt, the whole four miles will be ablaze with this new illuminant, and indeed the whole town, since in the present Session a provisional order has been granted by the Board of Trade, under the Electric Lighting Acts 1882, 1888, to the Corporation, empowering it to supply electricity to the borough for public and private purposes. The time, therefore, is not far distant when Blackpool will be supplied with electricity at so much per thousand volts, much in the same manner as it is now supplied with gas.

Of piers Blackpool is the happy possessor of two.

The North Pier,

1850 ft. long, is one of the finest in England, with an extension containing band kiosques and other buildings, and a pavilion capable of seating 1500 people. This is the "aristocratic" pier, and in the season blooms with the accumulated fashion of Manchester.

The South Pier

is the pier of the people. There, dancing is the chief amusement, and the admission fee the modest copper.

Both of these piers possess fleets of powerful steamers, which make cheap excursions during the summer to the Isle of Man, Wales, Morecambe Bay, and other adjacent districts; and the town is also visited by boats from Southport, Liverpool, and Preston. Three large bathing establishments, fitted up in the latest style, grace the promenade, and the architecture of the hotels reminds one forcibly of the huge caravanserais of America. Away from the promenade the town is not built on so stately a plan as it might have been; but better counsels are prevailing, and early mistakes are being rectified where possible. The busy air of

A Seaside Manchester

pervades its streets, and the pavements are occupied by a never-ending stream of pleasure-seekers. The aspect of Blackpool in the season is not far removed from that of

The Strand on a Lord Mayor's Day.

It is no easy matter to make one's way through the careless throng, the promenade is almost impassable, and the sands—those beautiful yellow sands of which Blackpool is so justly proud—are nearly obliterated by the patches of black-coated humanity. One of what one might call the seven wonders of Blackpool are

The Winter Gardens Buildings.

This stately pile was opened by the [illegible] Mayor of London in 1878, and has since remained the chief attraction of the town. It comprises a pavilion capable of containing 10,000 people, a circus seating 3000, an elegant theatre, designed by Mr. F. Matcham, worthy of the Shaftesbury avenue, seating 2000, and a series of promenades, stalls, rooms, ferneries, skating-rinks, and gardens that

Rival the Crystal Palace Itself.

The Pavilion is built on a peculiar plan. The hall itself, with stage and balconies, is constructed within a promenade 30 ft. wide, which runs right round it. The walls of the Pavilion proper are upheld by iron pillars with sliding shutters between, so that when the shutters are raised more than 10,000 people are enabled to view the stage.

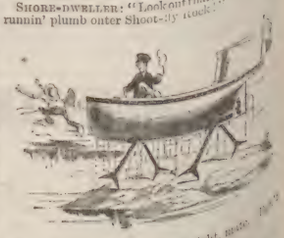
It is on this stage that ballets rivalling those at the London Alhambra are produced, and entertainments by the finest variety artists are given. This present season two ballets are being played—"The Carnival of Venice" and "John Bull and his Friends," this last being a pantomime.

BLACKPOOL PHOTOGRAPHED: BLACKPOOL MARINE PARADE, FROM THE PALATINE HOTEL.
From the Photograph by Frith, of Reigate.

ALDERMAN JOHN BICKERSTAFFE, MAYOR OF BLACKPOOL.
Photographed by Wolstenholme, Blackpool.

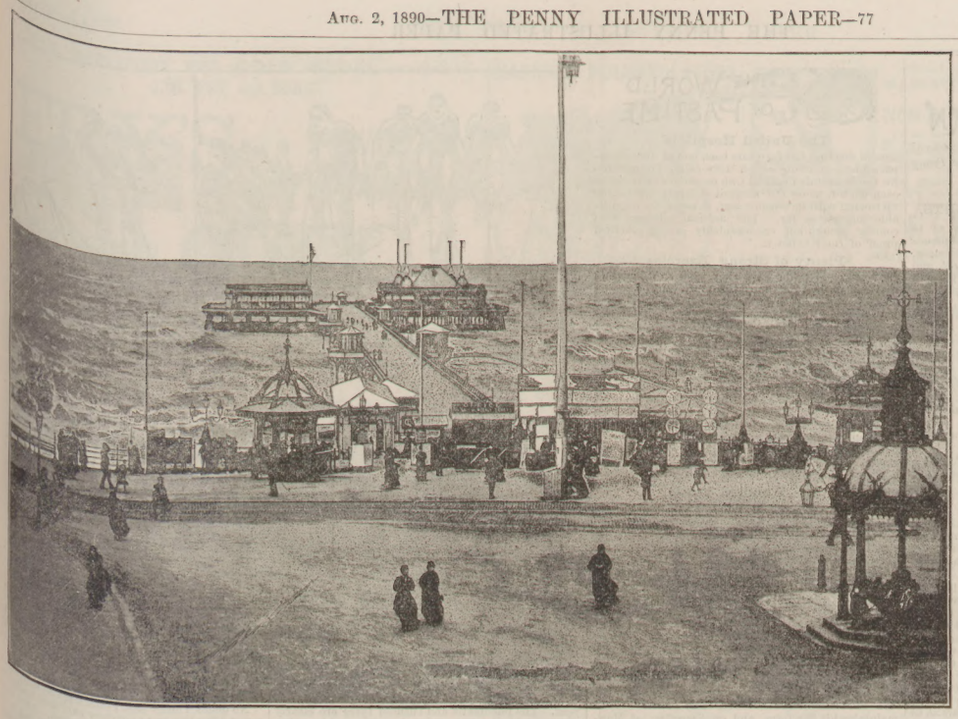
THE PERFECTED NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

SHORE-DWELLER: "Look out there, Cap'n! You're runnin' plumb onter Shoot-'em Rock!"



THE SKIPPER: "That's all right, mate. Don't worry! My boat has legs!"

A DOMESTIC PRODIGY: BABY'S TRIUMPH.



BLACKPOOL PHOTOGRAPHED: THE NORTH PIER.
From the Photograph in the Poulton Series.

production very similar to the late "Army and Navy" ballet at the Alhambra. More than seventy talented dancenses are specially imported from London for these ballets. Ella Zuila and her daughter, erstwhile of the London Aquarium, have also appearing, and Cee-Mee (a great favourite there) is promised. The Lupinos and the Alexanders are also advertised. In the Opera House (which is undergoing) all the best companies have been booked, including "The Gondoliers," "Middleman," and others. Last year Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake appeared at this house, and Mr. J. L. Toole paid a farewell visit before his trip to Australia. The limited company which owns this institution *in magnum* (if I may be permitted the expression) possesses a capital of £120,000, and is fortunate in having secured the services of

Mr. William Holland,

of London fame, to manage successfully this gigantic enterprise. Farther up the town stands Raikes Hall, a huge Cremorne-like pleasure-garden of some thirty-five acres, where

Dancing and Fireworks

can be indulged in *ad lib.* for the modest sum of sixpence. Here again we have a bewildering range of formerties, skating-rinks, monkey-houses, racecourse, &c., not counting a lake, a fair-sized Scarborough, and a large open-air picture of Blackpool, which is nightly bombarded for the delectation of admiring thousands. Raikes Hall has the privilege possessed, I believe, by no other place, of its kind in England. The proprietors are the Barons of the parish church. On the promenade stands a fine

Aquarium and Menagerie,

and two other theatres. Blackpool, indeed, is well supplied with temples of Thespis, no fewer than five dramatic licenses being held in the town, these representing a holding capacity of 12,000 (including the Winter Gardens pavilion).

(*To be concluded next week.*) L. H.

A Fair, Beautiful Skin.—Sulpholine Soap gives the natural tint and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

Old Isaacs (to his Lawyer, who wants an office-boy): "I had one, sir, but you mine word of honour, you fill be straight with him. He is a good boy, an industrious hard-working boy, and an honest boy. T'ere isn't a red hair on his head!"

CYCLE & CAMERA

At last there has been a fairly decent Saturday afternoon. Races have been run under unusual difficulties this year—a fact which makes the number of records broken doubly remarkable. In the morning, last Saturday, it looked as if the N.C.U. Championships were to have the same bad luck that has attended almost all race meetings since the beginning of the racing season. But I rejoiced when, between ten and eleven, it cleared; and in the afternoon, though the sky was overcast, there was at least no rain. The weather has, of course, made a tremendous difference in the "gate," which is especially to be deplored in the case of the N.C.U. I hear that despite the large attendance at the Royal Meeting, owing to its being postponed from Saturday to Wednesday, the financial results were anything but satisfactory. However, in face of all drawbacks, the cracks have rarely ridden to better purpose. There now remain of the N.C.U. championships only the two fifty miles.

I am glad to see that the executive of the N.C.U. have followed the good example of the C.T.C., and subscribed ten guineas to the fund for the defence in the Bristol manslaughter case. It would be a great help if clubs could only be induced to subscribe, for as yet contributions from individuals are not coming in with that rapidity which might have been hoped for.

Again there is an enormous programme for the holidays. Cyclists, touring in any direction, can manage to take in a race-meeting on their way, if they care for it. To begin with, there are the races at the two camps, near Godalming and Harrogate. By this time many are the wheelmen living under canvas, and experiencing all the vicissitudes of camp life. For their benefit, let us hope for fair weather.

Torquay will be one of the places best worth visiting. On Monday, the 4th, at the Recreation Grounds, bicycle and safety and mixed handicaps, a five-mile scratch race, and a two-miles race for the Torquay C.C. are announced, with prizes of 120 guineas in value. There is also to be a big meeting on the same day at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, another at Brighton, and another at Southampton. Both Gloucester and Weston-super-Mare include cycle races in their athletic sports. And in the north one has to choose between Birmingham, Scarborough, and Leeds. Those who remain in London, and escape the crowded hotels of the country during the great exodus, have the Kensal Rise Bank Holiday sports and the annual meeting of the Paddington C.C. at the Paddington Recreation Grounds.

For the tourist who does not think he has had a holiday unless he crosses the water, I see that the Jersey C.C. announce their Championship Race Meeting in Jersey, the Channel Islands, on the 4th. I have never been fortunate enough to make the journey to these islands, but cyclists who have been there have brought back delightful reports of their adventures. I believe the roads are good, the journey, crossing from Southampton, is an easy one, and then, may not one have the pleasure of meeting the "Brav' Général"?

The Great Eastern Railway has arranged for some charming excursions during the Bank Holidays. They give one an opportunity of making the trip to the Ardennes at very cheap rates, going by way of Harwich, Antwerp, Brussels, Liège, Dinant, and the Meuse Valley. The cyclist, of course, would ride from Antwerp, or else, to escape the not over good roads of Belgium, he might go by train until he was virtually in the Ardennes. If he is off for a fortnight, Holland, the Rhine, the Moselle would be most conveniently included in his tour. Arrangements have also been made for the trip to Hamburg, and, as the tickets issued are good for two months, the chance should not be lost. Races both in the Ardennes and at Scheveningen, in Holland, will come off towards the middle of the month.

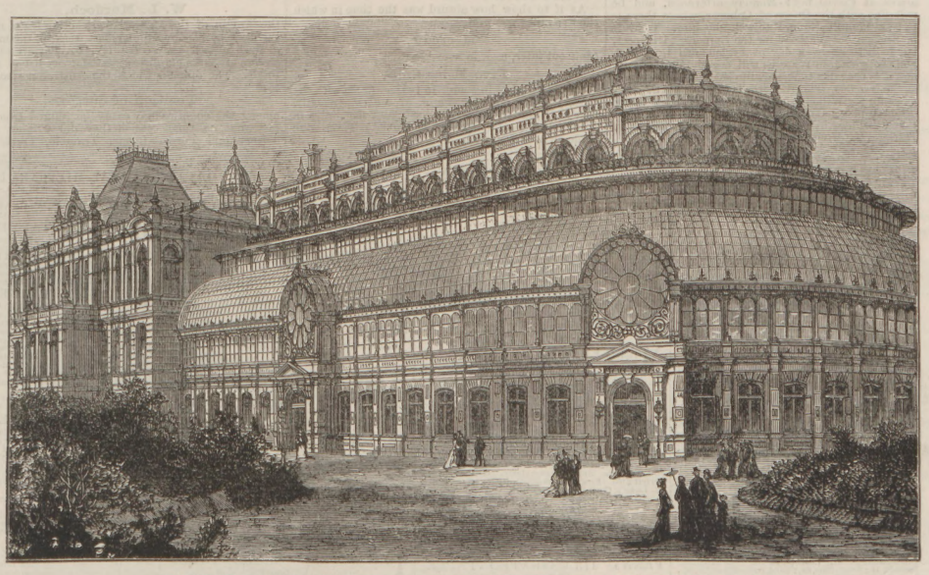
The Irish Cyclists' Association have their Grand Tournament next Monday, and Englishmen of enterprise may now go and score an Irish victory—if they can—to make up for the triumphs of the Irish champions in London. Let R. J. Mecredy look to his laurels at home. N. C. U.

MR. NAT GOODWIN.

American actors are looking up. Our playgoers, attracted by the excellent performances of the Daly company, are prepared to give a welcome to others who cross the Atlantic, and I shall not be surprised if Mr. Nat C. Goodwin becomes a favourite. Until a year or two back he was a burlesque performer much after the school of Mr. Fred Leslie, his talent for mimicry and grotesque effects being the most prominent feature in his acting. His faculty for caricature had made him popular in extravaganzas like "Black-Eyed Susan" and opera-bouffe pieces like "La Mascotte." But suddenly Mr. Goodwin took up pure comedy, and his friends predicted a breakdown when he appeared in comedy parts. But, to their surprise, he succeeded completely in characters of the old English comedies and some of modern type. The new comedy, "A Gold Mine," by Messrs. Brander Matthews and Jessup, has been written to suit his special style, and it combines humour with sentiment. In some respects the kind of character and the school of acting may be compared with that of Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," but Mr. Goodwin (who has met with a favourable reception at the Gaiety) has also a method of his own not unlikely to prove interesting to London playgoers.

There are about Four Millions of Jews in the Russian Empire, against whom a measure of wholesale expulsion is believed to be impending. An influential member of the Jewish community in England has gone to Paris, to endeavour to induce the French authorities to use their influence with Russia on behalf of his persecuted co-religionists.

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[Advt.]



BLACKPOOL SUMMER AND WINTER GARDENS: LANCASHIRE'S SEASIDE CRYSTAL PALACE.

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRUSTEES.—The answer to your question as to whether trustees may employ a collector depends partly on the terms of the trust. If the settlement, trust, deed, or will be silent upon the subject, and either tru tee lives near the property, they would not, we think, strictly be justified in charging the commission of an agent for collecting rents, unless the beneficiaries, being of full age, consent to the payment of such commission.

JONQUIL.—The surveyor of taxes has power to raise questions as to assessments and appeal from the decision of the Assessment Committee.

A CONSTANT READER.—There is nothing to prevent second cousins marrying.

CYMRO. — The manager in question may be entitled to vote on what is called "a service franchise." Let him consult the local political agent of his own party.

ROYSTON.—This is a question of the effect of a will, and hardly the sort of question for our columns, which are intended for simple matters. It is very unsafe to advise upon such a matter as this, without seeing the will. Certainly you should not assume the death of the brother until you have the best possible proof of it. It has already been necessary for you to consult a solicitor in the administration of the estate, and you should, therefore, refer this point to him.

WORSE THAN WIDOW.—Your letter includes many questions, and does not give all the necessary facts. You could probably get a divorce in Dublin. But, as your money is invested in London (we presume in your own name jointly with your husband), it would be necessary for you to seek your money through the English courts. You can sue *in forma pauperis*. It would be better for you to try first to get your money, and then you would not be compelled to proceed as a pauper in respect of the divorce. If you will send us further particulars as to how and when the money was invested, we should be glad to advise you further, for this seems a very hard case.

A READER.—You should complain to the School Management Committee in writing. Probably the schoolmistress has been guilty of an assault, for which she could be summonsed. But it is better to complain to the committee in the first instance.

REX.—You are probably liable for the local rates and house duty while you occupy, and your landlord for the property tax.

VERAX.—A will requires two witnesses, neither of whom can take a legacy, and no legacy must be given to the wife or husband of a witness. Illegitimate children must be clearly described, and will take nothing otherwise.

E. D.—You do not say whether you have recovered possession, and from whom you last received rent. The person who last paid you rent is your tenant, and unless you have waived your rights you are entitled to rent and compensation for wilful damage up to the time that possession was given to you. In that case you can sue for the same in the County Court.

A SUBSCRIBER.—A will should be made in the case you mention, although the estate is only £100. It saves a lot of trouble. As to the Post Office deposit, you had better write the Savings Bank Department, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C. Wills are usually retained by the persons who make them, or by their solicitors, but they can be lodged at the Probate Office, Somerset House, London, even during the lifetime of the testator. No will is valid in evidence after a testator's death until it is proved.

SUBSCRIBER (Holt).—A receipt in "lead pencil" is as valid as any other receipt. LEX.

The German Emperor, says "Atlas," is to arrive at Cowes next Monday afternoon, and he will dine with the Queen at Osborne, where there is to be a "family dinner" to welcome him. There is no fleet now at Spithead for the Emperor to inspect, but he is to spend a day at Portsmouth Dockyard, and the squadron regattas will occupy another day, and it is probable that he will visit the fortifications at the Needles. The Emperor is to leave next Friday morning for Wilhelmshafen, unless he reverts to his original plan, and goes to Edinburgh to see the Forth Bridge, in which case he would embark at Leith on the Hohenzollern.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The United Hospitals'

annual meeting has for years been one of the principal athletic functions of the Metropolis. The matches for the Hospitals Football Cup occasion some interest each winter, while our medical students are taking up rowing with increasing zest, if not with remarkable success so far. The medical advisers of a coming generation are decidedly giving practical proof of their belief in

Plenty of Strong Exercise

for youth, and never have they been so diligent in this respect than they have this year. In the spring an athletic contest was organised between Cambridge University and the United Hospitals, in which the Cantabs, who were then nearly all very fit, easily came off victorious. Recently the Medicals encountered Edinburgh University, whom they had no difficulty in defeating, and on Saturday last, at Stamford-bridge, they contested supremacy with the London Athletic Club. This was a formidable task, but, although they did not win, very excellently did the medicals come out of it. After the Oxford and Cambridge sports, the meeting was perhaps the best of the year, and many capital performances were accomplished. There were eleven events in all, as no doubt there should be in the inter-'Varsity contest, the additional contests being a 220 yards and a half-mile.

The Hundred Yards

had a very unusual result, three of the four runners dead-heating, and in these contests dead-heats are not run off. A. R. M. Lawford won both the 220 yards and the half-mile, and P. R. Lloyd, the Oxonian, who belongs to the L.A.C., won the quarter-mile in the good time of 50 4-5 sec. T. Jennings again jumped 5 ft. 11 in. in the high jump, and Haward, the ex-champion hurdler, won the hurdles. The mile was won by the Hospitals, Wace doing 4 min. 34 3-5 sec., the other wins of the medicals being the hammer-throwing and the long jump, so the L.A.C. won by seven events to three, and one dead-heat. The meeting was so great a success from an athletic point of view that it should certainly become an annual one.

J. Kibblewhite

maintains his fine form, and on Saturday, at Manchester, he won the Northern Counties two-miles championship, beating the Salford crack, W. H. Morton, in 9 min. 48 2-5 sec. Kibblewhite also won the one-mile scratch race, beating another Salford crack, E. W. Parry, in 4 min. 27 2-5 sec.—two very nice performances for one afternoon.

The Loafing Tactics

that are so generally indulged in in all scratch cycling races are bound to have their effect upon spectators, and on Saturday, at the Paddington Grounds, there was a very poor attendance to witness the third portion of the N.C.U. Championships. There were three races—viz. the One Mile Tricycle, the Five Miles Safety (a new event), and the Twenty-five Miles Bicycle Championships. So far as these races were concerned, the judgment of the public in staying away was fully justified. The final of the One Mile was covered in 3 min. 52 3-5 sec., to the accompaniment of jeers from the spectators. This was won by the Irish rider, Count Stadniki. The

Five Miles Safety

race occupied 17 min. 47 sec., more than four minutes slower than the then existing record for the distance. In the final heat three of the four riders were Irishmen, and one of them, Mecredy, won. Irishmen seem to have no fancy for ordinary bicycle racing, and there were none entered for the twenty-five miles, which was ridden at a good pace throughout, in view of the standard time medals, for beating 79 min. 49 3-5 sec., which the whole thirteen who finished accomplished. In the other races, all the winning of time medals had been done in the trial heats, of which, of course, there were none in the long race. The first six miles were covered in faster time than that in which Mecredy won the five-miles race. F. J. Osmond added this to his long list of victories, and was followed closely by such flyers as H. Synyer, F. J. B. Archer, J. H. Adams, and F. P. Wood, in the order named.

As if to show how absurd was the time in which the five miles was won,

Mecredy

came out later, and, in a

Five-Miles Spin,

covered two miles in 5 min. 15 1-5 sec. (a tie with the record), three miles in 7 min. 57 2-5 sec. (record), four in 10 min. 39 1-5 sec. (record), and five miles in 13 min. 16 2-5 sec. (record of 27 1-5 sec.) These were made on a Safety, with

N.C.U. CHAMPION RACES AT PADDINGTON, JULY 26.—[SEE "THE WORLD OF PASTIME."]

Pneumatic Tyres,

which were employed by all the Irishmen. The championship regulations, so far, contain no restrictions as to tyres, but probably they will by next year. The pneumatic and cushion tyres are clearly very valuable inventions in connection with cycles, but, as they give riders using them a mechanical advantage over others, they should be relegated to a class by themselves.

As to the championships themselves, it is impossible to say how long the farce of dawdling four miles and three quarters and racing a quarter of a mile, and then calling it a

Five-Miles Championship,

will be continued. The Dutch have shown us in their skating races how to manage things: that the presumably fastest man over the distance wins. Under their system a man cannot win a championship in a certain time and then go out an hour afterwards and beat that time by over four minutes.

Mecredy was again Busy

on Monday at Paddington. He had a little matter of the one-mile record to settle. He covered the distance in 2 min. 28 4-5 sec. a week previously; but Osmond immediately rode the mile in a second less on an ordinary bicycle. Still riding his pneumatic-tyred safety, Mecredy on Monday accomplished the extraordinary time of 2 min. 26 4-5 sec. The three quarters of a mile he did in 1 min. 49 3-5 sec., which is also a record. As Partridge says in the play, Next, please!

Dr. Turner

supplemented Mecredy's performance with a fine tricycle ride, in which he created new records from

Four Miles to Twenty-five.

He rode ten miles in 28 min. 13 1-5 sec., twenty miles in 56 min. 49 3-5 sec., and twenty-five in 1 h. 11 min. 15 4-5 sec. In the course of one hour he covered 21 miles 226 yards, which is better than anything done previously on any bicycle or tricycle.

In this connection must be mentioned the fine performance a *P.I.P.* Artist illustrates of S. F. Edge, who last week rode from London to Brighton and back in 7 h. 3 min.

W. L. Murdoch,

the captain of the Australian cricketing team, made the most of his opportunity, last week, in the match against Sussex, and scored 158. Dr. Barrett adding a score of 83 to his already satisfactory list of good totals. The opinion which the Australians hold of the

Position of Sussex

among the counties may easily be judged from the fact that on this occasion they did without both Turner and Ferris, Lyons, Trumble, Trott, and Charlton being justly considered good enough for the batting of the county. Bean was the only Sussex man to make a big stand, and he scored exactly 100.

No doubt Turner and Ferris felt that they wanted a rest after the scant courtesy paid their bowling by the great W. G. earlier in the week. After being caught and bowled by Turner's second ball in the first innings, W. G. took his revenge in the second, and set his side an example which ended in a

Seven-wickets Defeat

for the visitors.

Very hard luck attends Gloucestershire this season. For the second time has the rain robbed them of almost certain victory, at a time when success would be of immense value to them. Led by W. G. with a score of 94, the county, playing Lancashire, made 215, to which their opponents replied with 66 only, but added a second innings of 237, leaving Gloucestershire 83 runs to get to win. Of these 14 were obtained without the loss of a wicket on Friday, but it rained all night, and no play could take place on Saturday, the match, therefore, being left drawn.

Monday evening last was a great one for

Water Polo,

for the first match between England and Scotland was decided, the bath being the Kensington, though to find it one must go to Notting-hill. Cause why the trouble there had been in selecting the English team, it should have been a good one, but, apart from the fact that two of its members had swum a hard race just previously, the Scotsmen quite outplayed their opponents, and won by four goals to none. The able refereeing of A. Sinclair was worthy of notice.

In addition to the match there was a handicap, with the large number of seventy-five entries, and also an

Invitation 116-Yards Scratch Race,

in which Scotland was again victorious, H. Adams beating W. Henry by a foot in 1 min. 23 2-5 sec., a plunging handicap W. Henry covered the unexpected distance of 63 ft., and won, G. de Sinclair, the scratch man, was quite out of form, and could not keep straight.

BANSHEE.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, left London by special train at 5.30 p.m. last Monday evening for Goodwood. Their Royal Highnesses are on a visit to the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood House for the race week.

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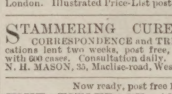

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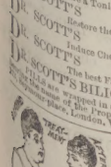

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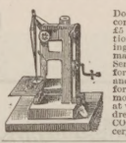

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For it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.

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It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence, it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at **3s. 6d.** per Bottle. In case the Dealer has not "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER" in stock, and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of the United Kingdom.

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